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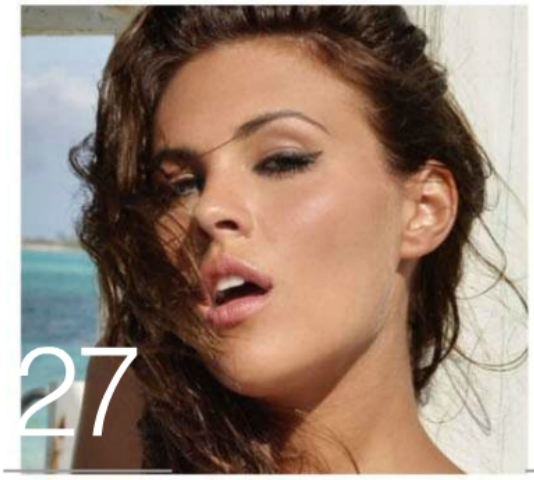
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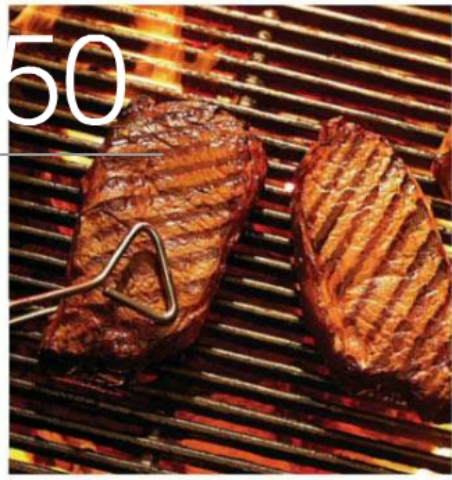
50

CONTENTS

ISSUE || SEPTEMBER 2014 FOLLOW US || WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/AUSTRALIANPENTHOUSE || WWW.TWITTER.COM/AUSPENTHOUSE

UP FRONT

008 || WHAT WE'VE LEARNED
Mething around on the job; finest fake orgasms; soccer's socks

010 || REPORT: WHAT PRICE A FREE PRESS?
The media can say what it wants, as long as the Government agrees

012 || OPINION: FICKLE FREEDOMS
Corby on how we take the right to express ourselves for granted

014 || PROFILE: DR DRE
The richest man in the rap game is also one of its most violent

018 || SPORT: UFC
How the Ultimate Fighting Championship knocked boxing to the canvass

022 || THE BUCK STARTS HERE
An website entrepreneur who got his motor running

LIFE + STYLE

036 || GLOBAL ROAMER
Seeking out the carnal delights of Turkey

040 || MOTORING
BMW's iconic super-coupe is now called M4

044 || BUCKET LIST
Forget about jumping the shark; swim with him instead

047 || GROOMING
The pleasure of outsourcing whisker removal

048 || FASHION
What you should know before wading into the jeans pool

050 || GOOD EATING
If God didn't want us to eat animals, why did he make them out of meat?

052 || BOOZE
Small Australian distilleries are making a splash in the world's bars

055 || FITNESS
High-intensity training to achieve more results in less time

FEATURE

070 || BIG PHARMA
How the big pharmaceutical companies are making us sick

REVIEWS

079 || WATCH IT, READ IT, HEAR IT
Your guide to films, books, music and live events

BLACK LABEL CLUB

107 || ADULTS ONLY, ACCESS ALL AREAS

GIRLS

027 || NATALIE: JUST COASTING

057 || PET OF THE MONTH: LELA

091 || BAILEY ROSE: THE WHITE STUFF

123 || ALEXIS ADAMS: ANY GIVEN SUNDAY

123 || ANNA, EKA & DMITRIY: AT THEIR SERVICE*
*BLACK LABEL ONLY

IN HOUSE

CONTACT US | LETTERS@AUSTRALIANPENTHOUSE.COM.AU

EDITOR'S LETTER

IT'S MANY years since I travelled through Egypt, but some memories remain especially vivid. The chaotic traffic of Cairo, for example, where every crossing of an intersection is a coin-toss between being splattered across the front of an overcrowded bus, or making it to the other side to be offered the world's cheapest, most fragrant hashish by a man with no legs.

I also clearly remember our taxi ride to the site of the Great Pyramids, where a lifting of the floor mats of the battered old Peugeot 404 revealed the rusted-out floor and allowed an excellent view of the pot-holed road rolling beneath us. At one point, when a slight incline saw the ailing French shitter wheeze down to jogging pace, I asked the driver if he'd like me to put my feet through and help out, Flintstones-style. He was a friendly chap, as were all the locals we encountered, and thought this was a generous offer, but worried that my white western legs may not add much to the combined power output.

Point is, back in the '90s, the most dangerous thing likely to happen to you in Egypt (mental traffic notwithstanding) was copping a gobbing from one of the camels ridden by tourists around the ancient sites. Fast-forward to today and it's a very different place, where tourism has dwindled in the face of terrorist attacks and the place is run with an iron fist by a military regime that throws into jail anyone from the media who dares to report a few basic facts.

The jailing in June of Australian journalist Peter Greste after a sham 'trial' showed this first hand to the rest of the world. It was further evidence of how reporting the news as a journalist is one of those uncommon occupations that can see you locked in a foreign hell-hole for years, just for doing your job. On page 10, Mark Abenethy looks at this issue, and the broader question of how governments try to exert control over free speech. After you've read it, I'd urge you to go online to amnesty.org.au and sign the petition demanding the release of Greste and his colleagues. And if you do take your chances and visit Egypt, just hope that copping a camel goober to the face is worst thing that happens to you.

Enjoy the issue. **– Ash Westerman**

THE INBOX

THE HOLE TRUTH, NO BULL

Love the new look of the mag, and especially enjoyed Stephen Corby's Running of the Bulls piece (July). In fact, I was so fired up by his experience that I decided to give it a go myself. Big mistake. Myself and another Aussie got ourselves on the wrong end of a 600-kilo beast I've since learned is named Olivito. I'm writing this to you from my hospital bed in Pamplona, as I now have more holes in me than a homeless bloke's trousers. Corby, you're a bastard. You owe me a beer.
David Jameson, Grenfell, NSW

THE DARKNESS DARKENS

Your dark-web feature, 'Journey to the Dark Side' (August) points to the ever-growing likeliness that those engaged in illicit online activity will keep getting away with it.

Encryption is hard, but recent news suggests that technologies are emerging that will force law-enforcement agencies to lift their detection game even higher.

A beta (test) version of an all-purpose file encryption program, miniLock, written as a simple, mainstream web browser plugin, has been launched, designed to let even Luddites encrypt and decrypt files with uncrackable cryptographic protection in seconds.

This is just an application written by a developer who sought public attention and open-web contributions to his endeavour.

The real threat is that it is the activities of those less open and many times more numerous and guarded about their inclinations that the law-enforcement authorities should be most worried about.
Bobby Robertson, Barton, ACT

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WORDS : STEPHEN CORBY

WHAT WE'VE LEARNT

THE MONTH'S MOST INTRIGUING AND OBSCURE STORIES, DISTILLED

1 SCARLETT FEVER

IF YOU'RE a human male, you've probably stopped to wonder, just how good are women at faking it, and do they all do it, or just the ones who sleep with other blokes?

The whole idea of faking it is hard for men to get their heads around, because we'd never bother, nor do we need to.

Meg Ryan's famous moment in *When Harry Met Sally* is legendary for good reason, while Elaine's discussion of her faking abilities was a wonderful *Seinfeld* moment. But, when it comes to acting of the highest level, the Oscar for On-screen Orgasm has to go to the delectable Scarlett Johannson in the Spike Jonez film, *Her*. This, despite the fact that you only get to hear her doing it – or pretending to – rather than see it.

If you haven't seen it, you need to know that jerky Joaquin Phoenix physically carries the film, set in the future when it's possible to fall physically for your phone's Operating System, rather than just being unable to keep your hands off it like some blokes today.

Johansson plays the OS, and while you never see her, that hard-night husky voice of hers is the sexy soul of the whole film. The scene in which she orgasms for the first time has to be heard to be believed and takes our Big Oh Award for the year.

If you missed it at the movies, don't worry, it would have been on in one of those awful art-house places anyway, where it feels like you have to stay in a few nights a week cutting yourself just to fit in, so you're better off enjoying it at home. Particularly the orgasm scene. Watch it with your eyes shut.

2 FAR AWAY, SO CLOSE

AND speaking of having an unhealthy relationship with your phone, and the need to dunk it in hand-sanitiser, the future Spike Jonze imagined may be even more disturbing, thanks to the invention of the OhMiBod Remote app.

This wifi-connected application allows you to remotely control the vibrator your partner is using – on the other side of the world, or just the other side of the office – by simply stroking your smartphone in a not-at-all icky or weird fashion.

Described as "beautifully designed and easy to navigate", the 'let your fingers do the walking' app allows you to create a numb-her of different vibration patterns, as well as using "voice to vibration" or touch control. The most intriguing feature, however, has got to be the "accelerometer", which sounds borderline dangerous.

As your partner is enjoying herself you'll see a little blue heart blinking and throbbing on your screen in a kind of sad, lonely fashion. Or at least you will for now; the next update for the app will hopefully add a function that will allow you to snap and send pictures while using the "in-app sexting feature".

It's true that a lot of men become jealous of their partners' vibrators, but trying to bond with it via technology just seems kind of weird. Could make the lives of phone-sex workers slightly more pleasurable, however.

WORD OF THE MONTH: POUTINE

3

IF YOU know what it means, it's likely your mouth just fell open and you started drooling, while your eyes slowly rolled back in bliss.

And if you don't, you should hop the next plane to Canada, or attempt to whip some up on your own, because we are talking about one of the world's most strangely named and strangely delicious dishes, Poutine.

It sounds like a simple Canadian concoction, hot chips covered in gravy and cheese curds, but it's those cheesy bits – lumpy, tasty, chewy, almost fondue-like – that take the whole thing to another level. *Poutine*… it even sounds absurdly delicious when you say it.

A KICK IN THE BALLS

4

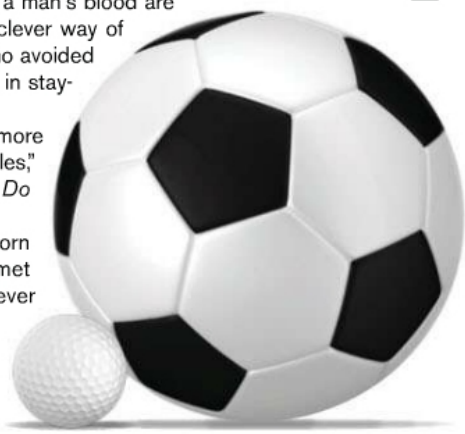
IF YOU'RE thinking about having children, just stop it. No one tells you the truth about the horrors that await – the end of your social life, the abandoning of the joy of sleep-ins, and sleeping generally, and the shrinking of both your sex life and your testicles.

That's right, men folk, having kids makes your balls smaller, and the more parenting you do, the worse it gets. A report by some American scientists from Emory University has found that testosterone levels in a man's blood are inversely correlated with fathering, which is a clever way of saying that testosterone was higher in dads who avoided their kids, and their responsibilities, and lowest in stay-at-home fathers.

"They also found that the fathers who devoted more resources to their children had smaller testicles," we're told in the excellent and informative book, *Do Fathers Matter*?

Apparently when you first hold your newborn babe your testosterone levels instantly plummet 30 percent, which is why old-school dads never went to the hospital for the birth.

You have been warned. Time to start wearing tight boxers – in the long run it might actually be better for your balls.



BAD SCHEISSER

5

GERMANS are famously a hard-working bunch, capable of carrying the rest of Europe on their backs in recent decades, once they stopped trying to crush it underfoot.

But the lengths to which some of them will go to get ahead in the office are almost disturbing.

Michael Hartmann, a 51-year-old member of parliament from the Social Democratic Party, recently admitted that he'd been smoking crystal meth while on the job, purely because he reckoned it improved his work performance.

You'd imagine he was passing a lot of pro-drug bills at incredible speed while huffing television's *drug du jour* (*Breaking Bad* made it look almost as cool as cocaine), but strangely he's actually spoken out against the legalisation of cannabis in the past. Probably because it just makes you slow and likely to raid the fridge at work.

His admission was prompted by a police raid on his house after a dealer tipped off the cops, and Hartmann said he did regret buying meth, but that he'd only done so because he'd hoped it would make him "more efficient" at his job.

In what sounds like the kind of bravura bluffing we usually only see from Italian politicians, he's so far refused to apologise, or resign, and he remains in parliament.

It's just possible the Germans admire his reasoning, and his work ethic.

ON THE FLOP

6

FAMED English striker Gary Lineker put it best long before the World Cup when he said, "Football's a simple game: 22 players chase a ball for 90 minutes, and Germany usually wins."

That unfortunate inevitability aside, it was a great tournament and one that may encourage you to watch more of the Premier and A-Leagues. Or, you might be one of the many Australians who were riled beyond belief by all the theatrical, bullshit diving, and have sworn never to watch soccer again.

If you've grown up watching more physical contact sports, the almost operatic faking is baffling and football fans will tell you it's just part of the game, as if it would be impossible to wipe out. But for once we must look to America, for they have proven it can be done, and provided the template the FIFA – those noble, loveable billionaires – must surely adopt.

The NBA recently brought in something called the Anti-flopping Rule, which fines players hefty cash amounts if they perform "any physical act that appears to have been intended to cause the referees to call a foul on another player". Which sounds like a sound definition of what football calls diving, or "simulation".

The referees aren't expected to rule on these flops on the spot, of course, but any suspect ones are video reviewed after the game, and fines meted out accordingly.

"The primary factor in determining whether a player committed a flop is whether his physical reaction to contact with another player is inconsistent with what would reasonably be expected given the force or direction of the contact," is how its video panel is ordered to examine the footage.

Basically, cheats get caught, quickly stop diving and the game goes on to greater heights.

If that wouldn't make the 2022 World cup a better event, then nothing – even

Peter Greste will suffer for seven years in an Egyptian jail for reporting the news

Communications minster Stephen Conroy: print what you like, as long as it meets his approval

THE ZIPPER EFFECT

AUSTRALIANS WERE OUTRAGED BY EGYPT'S JAILING OF ONE OF OUR JOURNALISTS, BUT IS OUR OWN STANCE ON FREEDOM OF SPEECH ANYTHING TO SHOUT ABOUT?

THERE are only two professions in which you can be jailed for doing your job: spy and journalist. Both collect and synthesise information in ways that annoy governments, and either can languish in prison if they get it wrong.

But while spies are trained to go undetected, journalists live in the open: they front the news broadcasts, edit the newspapers and attend court hearings. Theories of free speech are put into practice by reporters, photographers and editors – there's no other way of doing it.

In the last week of June, Australian journalist Peter Greste (along with two of his crew) was jailed for seven years by an Egyptian court, for allegedly aiding the banned Muslim Brotherhood in his reporting. His real felony was working for the Al Jazeera network and filing stories about political instability in Egypt.

Greste's story is confronting, but not unique: governments of all types are challenging the media's freedom to report without fear or favour. The Committee to Protect Journalists (CPJ) estimates there were 211 journalists in jail for doing their job in mid-2014 – the second highest figure on record – and there have been 600 journalists killed on the job since 1992. Of the 28 journalists killed in the past 11 years, 27 were killed with impunity.

The use of state power to intimidate journalists into silence is a popular tool again, almost a quarter of a century after the journalist-hating Soviet system fell. And as it transpires, the vaunted media freedom of the internet and social media has been a chimera: it's actually easier for a government of Russia, Syria or China to shut down ISPs and track posts on Twitter than it is to have their agents watching galley proofs come off a printing press. Half of the world's jailed journalists, according to the CPJ, are practitioners in digital media. In China, the state actively censors news blogs such as WeChat and shuts down journalists' accounts when their posts touch on the wrong subjects.

But it's not only developing-world governments who intimidate journalists. In March last year, Australia's Minister for Communications, Stephen Conroy, announced media reforms which would allow government regulation of Australia's newspapers – the first peacetime government control of newspapers since the idea was abandoned in New South Wales in 1823.

At one point during the Gillard years, there were five overlapping government inquiries into the media, which sought more government control in informing or entertaining the public. They were the Convergence Review, the Independent Media Inquiry (which spawned the Finkelstein Report), the National Classification Scheme Review, the Commonwealth Government's Privacy Issues Paper and the Australian Communications and Media Authority's review of privacy guidelines for broadcasters.

It isn't just governments breathing down the necks of the media. A spate of private discovery actions in which reporters were subpoenaed to produce confidential sources, proved so unwieldy for the media that many states enacted 'shield laws' to protect journalists from revealing their sources. NSW, ACT, Victoria and WA have shield laws for journalists but Queensland doesn't and the Federal version fails to protect reporters from corruption watchdogs such as ICAC and CJC.

A free media is not much use if journalists can not get accurate and timely information, and Australia's freedom of information system was a joke by the time Kevin Rudd became Prime Minister. Under Rudd the FOI laws were revamped, but the new 'openness' gave bureaucrats more process to hide behind.

"Australia thinks it enjoys a free press, but we suffer from lack of written protections," says Mark Pearson, professor of Journalism at Griffith University. He says Australia sits at around 30th in the world when ranked for free speech or a free press. Other nations, such as the US, UK, New Zealand and Canada have protections for free speech, contained in bills of rights, charters and constitutions.

"When you have a constitutional benchmark, a government has to prove that its legislation can meet that benchmark, otherwise its laws aren't valid," says Pearson.

Pearson was disappointed at the spurious arguments that the Gillard government used

to push its media reforms. When challenged on the need for a statutory regulator, Senator Conroy cited Finland, the top-ranked country in the World Press Freedom Index and one with a statutory media regulator. What he didn't mention was that Finland has constitutional protection of free speech.

Pearson says that free speech becomes confused when it devolves to Left versus Right: "It was News Ltd that took the fight against the Finkelstein Report and the Conroy reforms, so people felt the enemy was Murdoch," says Pearson. "He wasn't – the enemy was government encroachment on a basic liberty."

We don't have free speech in our constitution, but we have many laws limiting speech, especially if you're a journalist. In the Bolt v Eatock case, *Herald Sun* journalist Andrew Bolt was found guilty of breaching the Racial Discrimination Act from his article about fair-skinned Aborigines getting career advancement and grants. In his finding, judge Mordecai Bromberg said fair-skinned Aborigines could reasonably be expected to be offended, insulted or intimidated by Bolt's article.

Former *Media Watch* host Jonathon Holmes, in an article for *The Drum*, questioned the use of this law to regulate speech. "It creates one particular area of public life where speech is regulated by tests that simply don't apply anywhere else, and in which judges – never, for all their pontifications, friends of free speech – get to do the regulating."

The RDA is being repealed, but the real problem is the lack of protections – another government could concoct a licensing regime for newspapers based on its 'community standards'. Australia has signed the United Nations' Universal Declaration of Human Rights and became a signatory to the 1980 International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights (both of which enshrine freedom of expression), yet we don't have our own constitutional protections for it.

"FREE SPEECH IS REGULATED BY TESTS THAT SIMPLY DON'T APPLY ELSEWHERE"

In 2009, the Commonwealth launched a National Human Rights Consultation, but putting a bill of rights into the constitution seems abandoned for now, caught in disagreement between free speech as a universal right, and human rights defined in terms of 'discrimination'.

The real test of free speech is when we allow others to say the things that we find offensive. It's in this field that president of the Australian Sex Party, Fiona Patten, has watched Australia's freedoms eroding.

"If you want to see how freedom of expression works," she says, talking about sex, porn and erotica. "look at what happens to the soft targets."

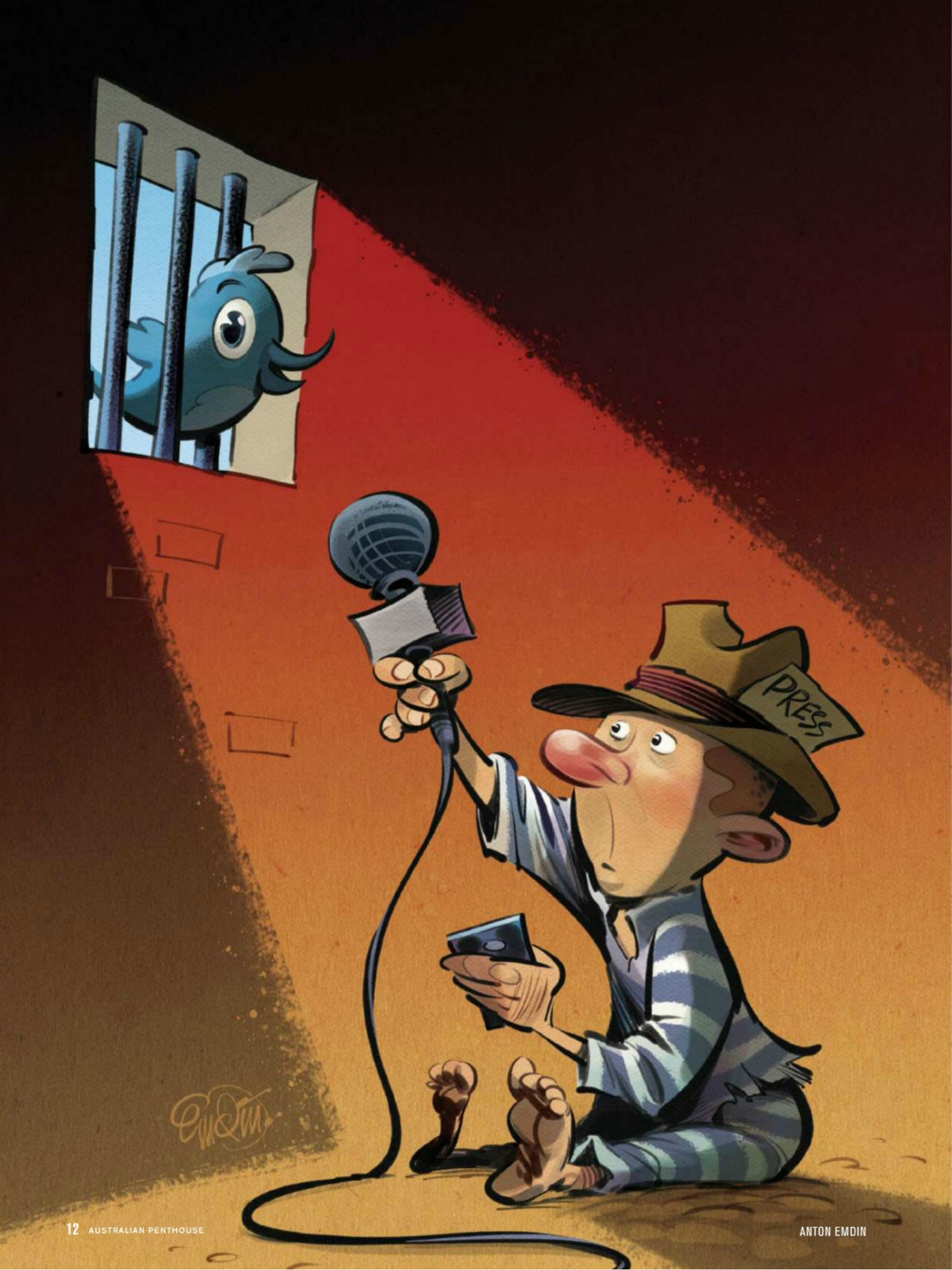
In Australia there is only one state or territory where X-rated material can be made or sold – the ACT – and since the Howard government, the Attorney-General's department funds a three-person 'Porn Police' to rifle through adult shops, looking for X-rated material.

"One adult shop owner from regional New South Wales was arrested in May because he was selling some X-rated magazines," says Patten. "The Classification Liaison Service stakes out an adult shop and provides written evidence to the local police, who are pressured into making the arrests."

Patten says the Christian Right is growing in power and neither the Liberals or ALP can be seen to drop the Porn Police.

She says she's been surprised at how many defenders of free expression have supported government media regulation. And as the Christian Right gains momentum in parliament, she has a warning: "Before you ask government to regulate what you can read," says Patten, "imagine that the Family First Party is the regulator."

In the end there's not much distance between a desire to regulate what journalists say, and the intent to punish them for saying it. There's an Australian reporter in a Cairo prison who can tell you how small that gap is.



ANTON EMDIN

OPINION : BY STEPHEN CORBY

FREEDOM IN CHAINS

SOMETIMES FREE SPEECH COMES AT A HELL OF A COST

SPEECH is one of our most fickle freedoms. It seems like a great idea, a no-brainer, at least in the Western world, and yet in the USA, the Supreme Court recently invoked free speech in a ruling that will allow batshit-mental Christians to harass and intimidate young women on their way into abortion clinics. The freedom to think and act like a mindless asshole is a particularly American one.

While the freedom of speech is enshrined in the US Constitution – the founding fathers of which obviously never foresaw *The National Inquirer* – it's protected not just by law in other countries, but by the fact that we, the people, believe the importance of its existence to be a truth that's self-evident.

The mistake we in the west constantly make, of course, is that we think we are the world (I blame Michael Jackson, and I hope he and Rolf Harris get to share a special room in Hell), when in fact we are increasingly just a self-inflated portion of it. Free speech is about as freely available in China as fresh air, or web pages about the Tianenmen massacre, and it's not exactly a priority in certain parts of the Middle East or Russia, either.

In Egypt, free speech is what your best man gives you at your wedding, because it certainly doesn't mean much more. We all know Australian journalist Peter Greste was recently sent to prison for seven years for "spreading false news", which sounds like what *A Current Affair* journalists write on their customs forms under "Occupation".

There's nothing funny about it, of course, because amid all the moral outrage and huff-puffing in Australia, the salient fact you should really ponder is that he's actually going to be locked up, every day, for seven years, and all he really did was work for the wrong TV network.

There was nothing in Greste's trial to suggest that he, or the other 19 journalists sent down with him, had specifically committed any crimes against the state, or the nebulous idea of truth. But they worked for Al Jazeera, a station owned by the Qatari royal family (I'm guessing its coverage of the 2022 World Cup bribes story has been in-depth...) According to Egyptian president Abdel Fattah al-Sisi's law, this made Greste a supporter of the Muslim Brotherhood, which he sees a terror organisation. We might call it a political opponent, which means what you're looking at here is Laurie Oakes going to jail because Channel Nine ran some stories that featured Bill Shorten (al-Sisi's government would probably have had him executed before he could appear on *Nine News*, but you get the point).

Specifically, Greste seems to have gone down for reporting on political unrest in Egypt, which, you'd have to think, is a bit like reporting on snow falling in Antarctica.

The remarkable thing about Al Jazeera's involvement is that this was a television network lambasted and pilloried by the western world, and the US in particular, for many years as the mouth piece of the evil and idiotic Al Qaeda.

Our leaders ranted against its very existence and yet did nothing to stop it being beamed into our countries and watched by anyone with the desire to do so and a decent cable provider. Nor did we arrest or jail anyone who worked in our comparatively enlightened countries for working for Al Jazeera.

PETER GRESTE GOT SEVEN YEARS FOR "SPREADING FALSE NEWS", WHICH SOUNDS LIKE WHAT *A CURRENT AFFAIR* JOURNALISTS WRITE ON THEIR CUSTOMS FORMS UNDER "OCCUPATION"

I don't want to say that our way of doing things is right and theirs is wrong, because that seems simplistic, but it's also true. If you're going to hold sham trials and jail journalists with the express goal of making them scared of you so they'll leave you alone in future, just put them in stir for a month, or three. The rest of the world probably won't even complain, much, and you'll have made your point. Seven years, however, is abhorrent, and it's the sort of sentence that makes you think our government – or some sort of world policeman, like America – should be able to walk in there and kick some butts, Bruce Willis style, and get Greste, and his colleagues, out of jail.

Words like "liberty" and "freedom" may have been almost bastardised by their Americanisation, but when a man – one of our countrymen – is locked up for something as pointless and political as this, they are terms that strike a chord.

Freedom of speech might give us our Pauline Hansons and Clive Palmers, but it's something that's worth suffering for.

PROFILE : BEN SMITHURST

BEATINGS BY DRE

THE SALE OF HIS HEADPHONE COMPANY TO APPLE SUDDENLY MADE DR DRE THE RICHEST MAN IN THE RAP GAME, BUT DIGGING THROUGH HIS MURKY PAST ALSO EXPOSES HIM AS ONE OF ITS MOST EXPLOSIVE AND UNREPENTANT

BEFORE there was even clickbait, music magazines ran on lists. So when, in 2005, *Rolling Stone* stitched together its countdown of 'Immortals', aka The 100 Greatest Artists of All Time, rap scion Kanye West leapt at the chance to pen an entry. His subject, number 54, was a pioneering colossus; a 'nigga wit attitude'. His name was Andre Romelle Young. A man known since 1984 as Dr Dre. (Note: Dre is not a real doctor, as wasn't basketball great Julius 'Dr J' Erving in his prime in the early '80s.)

"Do hip-hop producers hold Dr Dre in high esteem? It's like asking a Christian if he believes Christ died for his sins," gushed 'Yeezy' West. "Dre has a whole coast on his back. He discovered Snoop – one of the two greatest living rappers, along with Jay-Z – and signed Eminem, 50 Cent and the Game. He takes artists with great potential and makes them even better. I wonder where I'd be right now if Dre had discovered me."

This, remember, by Kanye: hip-hop's healthiest ego, a Christian who freely compares himself to Christ. (Last album: *Yeezus*.) With a pinch of Dre's magic, West thinks he'd be even better. Even better than Christ.

None of Kanye's tribute is hyperbole. In hip-hop terms, Dre is untouchable.

As a cultural force, from *Straight Outta Compton* to his headphone label Beats Electronics, the now-49-year-old icon has long been first among equals. In entrepreneurial terms, only Puff Daddy and Jay-Z compare; in terms of influence, Jay-Z is his only rival – and Jay didn't release his first album until 1995. Then, on the 28th of May this year, Dre entered a hip-hop stratosphere all of his own when Apple announced that they had bought Beats in a $US3bn deal.

The package comprised $US2.6bn in cash and another $US400m in stock. It was the biggest acquisition in Apple's history. As part of the deal, Dre had a place created for him on Apple's board.

Steve Jobs might have been a prick and Steve Wozniak probably beat up a buffet or two, but Dre is probably Cupertino's first ever exec to have had a minder stand guard while he flogged the shit out of a woman half his size – with fists and boots and body slams – at a packed record release party.

He's definitely the first exec to have joked about doing it on an Eminem track.

Andre Young takes no prisoners. Andre Young is a hard, unrepentant prick. Andre Young is not a nice guy.

Does it matter?

Not to the *Forbes* rich list. Andre Young has just become hip-hop's first billionaire. Music is big business, and in business, money gets a free pass. Dre knows what he's doing.

That's music, baby.

IN NOVEMBER 1990, when music video shows were still a thing, Fox TV rap show *Pump It Up* featured a segment on N.W.A. The atmosphere was still bitter in the wake of its break-up with Ice Cube, and Cube's post-split album, *Amerikkka's Most Wanted*, had just gone platinum. By contrast, shorn of its principal lyricist, N.W.A. was languishing.

In the piece, clips of N.W.A. dissing Cube were cut with clips of Cube dissing his former bandmates in an earlier interview. That interview was with slightly built female host Dee Barnes. Unsurprisingly, N.W.A. was pissed off. Bizarrely, its members were mostly pissed off with the show.

Two months later, Dr Dre ran into Barnes, also a middling rapper with whom he'd worked, at a Hollywood record launch. She thought of him, she said, as "like a big brother".

As reported by 1991's *Rolling Stone*, citing a statement from Barnes, Dre "picked her up and 'began slamming her face and the right side of her body repeatedly against a wall near the stairway' as his bodyguard held off the crowd. After Dre tried to throw her down the stairs and failed, he began kicking her in the ribs and hands. She escaped and ran into the women's restroom. Dre followed her and 'grabbed her from behind by the hair and proceeded to punch her in the back of the head.' Finally, Dre and his bodyguard ran from the building."

Dre, who had a short fuse and a string of arrests in his twenties, didn't exactly apologise. "People talk all this shit, but you know, somebody fucks with me, I'm gonna fuck with them," he said. "I just did it, you know. Ain't nothing you can do now by talking about it. Besides, it ain't no big thing – I just threw her through a door." Dre is six foot one.

What little blowback Dre received at the time was absorbed by the then-hysterical moral panic around gangsta rap. 'Fuck tha Police', the second track from N.W.A.'s debut LP, had seen the band cautioned by the FBI, and earned them the label of "The World's Most Dangerous Group". Far from being a career killer, Dre's no-contest plea to the assault bolstered N.W.A's reputation. "Bitch deserved it," said bandmate MC Ren. Easy-E agreed: "Yeah, bitch had it coming."

"There's a lot of women that he beat up," Barnes later told a Dre biographer, "but I'm the one who fucking pressed charges."

Months later, N.W.A.'s second album, *Efil4zaggin*, sold two million copies in two weeks.

"My thing was: if you ain't gonna make no

STRAIGHT OUTTA HOLLYWOOD

After years in development hell, Universal Studios announced that N.W.A. biopic *Straight Outta Compton* was going ahead in June. Directed by F. Gary Gray (*The Italian Job, Law Abiding Citizen*), *Compton* will star mostly unknowns, including bit-part *Iron Man 3* actor and lookalike Corey Hawkins as Dre and a four-film bit-part actor who aced his screen test as Easy-E. Ice Cube will be played by O'Shea Jackson Jr – at the insistence of his father, O'Shea Jackson, otherwise known as Ice Cube. "We just tryin' to tell the story of the world's most dangerous group," Cube told *MTV News*. "The neighbourhood influenced N.W.A, and then N.W.A influenced the neighbourhood." Its planned US release date is mid-August next year.

FAR LEFT: A young Dre (center) back in '87, the early days of N.W.A.

LEFT: In the studio, Dre has a reputation as a dogmatic perfectionist and workaholic. He's made rappers re-record vocal bits over 100 times and reportedly reduced female artists to tears.

money out of it, don't do it," Dre would later say. He was talking about staying off drugs as a kid. Andre Young is an inscrutable guy. Music is money.

SOLIDLY built, Dre had kept clear of crime as a youth by his musician parents. He dropped out of high school when he realised his talent ("You can learn it," he told *Esquire*, "But in order to be good at it, to be really great at it, it has to be in you"), and that music paid.

Eric 'Easy-E' Wright was a pint-sized local drug dealer in their violent shared suburb of Compton, LA. Arrested for unpaid traffic violations, Dre agreed to produce beats for Easy-E in exchange for cash to pay off his fines. N.W.A., an acronym for Niggaz With Attitude, was born. And they were great.

If every gangsta rap group breakup then seemed acrimonious, the rise and fall of labels was a virtual hip-hop *Game of Thrones*. There were threats, kidnappings, beatings and murderous beefs. N.W.A.'s dissolution was no different. Yet Dre's touch has continued. Post N.W.A, his 1992 album *The Chronic* redefined gangsta rap. Formerly irate at the politics of inner-city prejudice, Dre, a new disciple of weed, reshaped it as a stoned corollary to bottomless bass and rampant id. He started his own labels. He discovered Snoop, Eminem and co, and now, Compton prodigy Kendrick Lamar. He produced hits for Tupac (including 'California Love'), Snoop, Mary J Blige, Eve, Gwen Stefani and 50 Cent.

His brilliance and perfectionism in the studio became legendary. "I've gone seventy-nine hours without sleep, creating," he said.

Andre Young is a meticulous workaholic.

"When Dre walked in, it was time to work. All work and no play," said late rapper Nate Dogg, another protégé. In 2006, Snoop Dogg recalled seeing Dre make rapper Bishop Lamont re-record a single bar of vocals 107 times. He's reportedly reduced female artists to tears.

"I can't remember exactly what record, but he made me say one word over, like 45 times," says rapper Eve, who recorded the Grammy-winning 'Let Me Blow Ya Mind' under Dre with Stefani in 2001. "I swear to God; I'm not lying," she said. "Dre just knows how to push your buttons, but… he knew what he was doin."

'Knowing what you're doing' is Dre's hallmark. In 2006, noting that, "Apple was selling $400 iPods with $1 earbuds", Dre and Iovine, a top record executive and producer, started Beats Electronics. It was marketed as 'Beats by Dre'.

"Man, it's one thing that people steal my music," said Dre. "It's another thing to destroy the feeling [through inferior headphones] of what I've worked on."

If that sounds like marketing, it probably was. Dre knows what he's doing. In a more considered piece, Dre also told *Esquire* that, "I don't even listen to the records after they come out. It's outlawed in my house. My wife and my kids can't play any of my music around me. Once it comes out, for me, it's just business. Numbers."

If Dre is meticulous on the way in, then he's meticulous in maximising his return on the way out. A return that, even before the Beats/Apple deal, meant that the home he's "outlawed" his children from playing his music in was a nice one.

In late 2012, Dre dropped $US15.4m on a 900-square-metre, five-bedroom, eight-bathroom mansion high above the Sunset Strip in what *Variety* described as "the high-priced apex of the celebrity-chic Bird Streets neighbourhood". It's the cherry on a property portfolio already fat with an eight-bedroom mansion in Woodland Hills and some four-storey, seven-bedroom beachfront digs in Malibu.

He's now high in the Hollywood hills, but Dre's new place is just 25km from Compton. Andre Young knows what he's doing, and Andre Young gets what he wants. Because people give it to him. That's music.

At the 2014 BET Awards, comedian Chris Rock ruled the stage with a hilarious year-in-review opening number. "What else happened in music this year? Dr Dre got three billion dollars" he cackled. "Dr Dre! Three billion dollars! The man that made The Chronic got three billion dollars! The guy that was in N.W.A… there's no more A in N.W.A. He's just a Nigga With now."

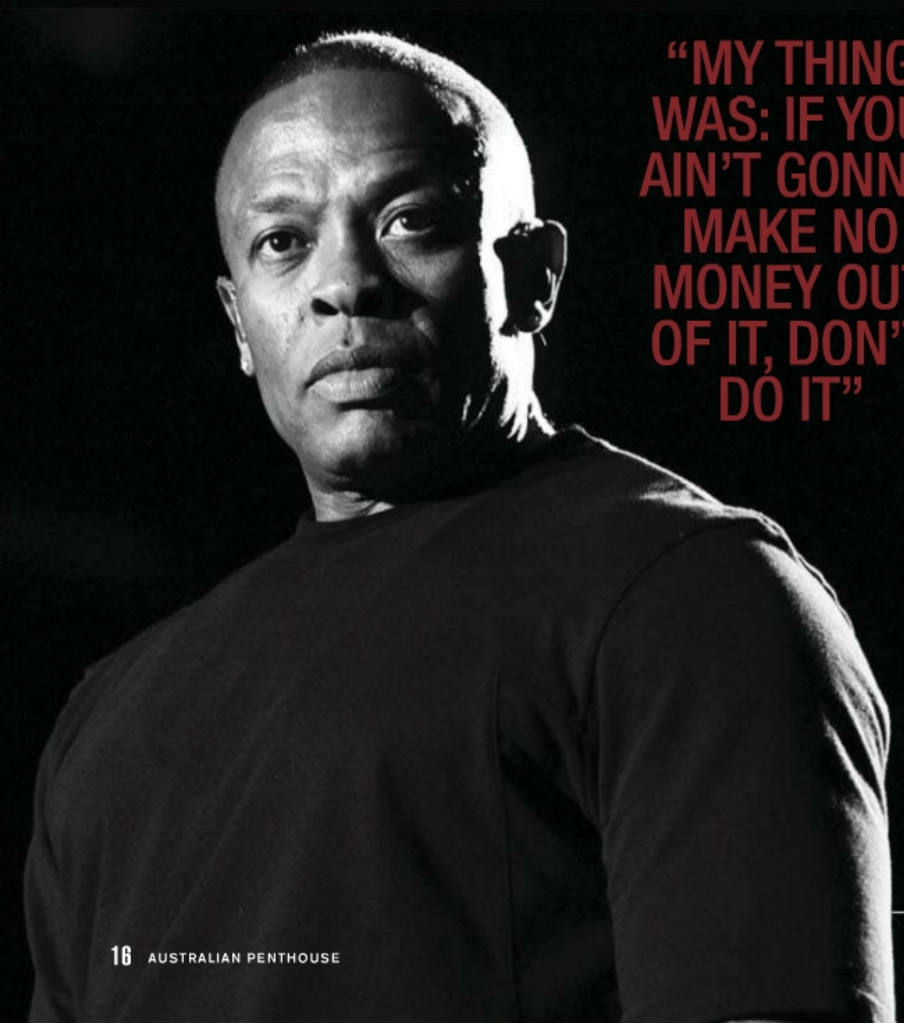
Rock also recalled an incident in a lift in May, where Dre's megastar-cum-mogul colleague Jay-Z – also husband to Beyonce – was attacked by his sister-in-law. Admirably, Jay had refused to retaliate. The security tape footage went viral.

Rock referenced Jay's 1996 debut album, *Reasonable Doubt*, and his 11th, 2009's *The Blueprint 3*. He said: "You know what, Solange hit the right rapper. She hit the right rapper, because everybody says, 'I can't believe Jay didn't smack her!' Jay's a businessman now. You can't just go punching girls in the face. He got a meeting with Nabisco in the morning, you know? She hit *Blueprint 3* Jay-Z. 'Cause *Reasonable Doubt* Jay-Z, if she hit *Reasonable Doubt*, that elevator would have been filled up with nothin' but lipstick, blood and weave."

If you ain't gonna make no money out of it, you don't do it. If it's not stopping you from earning, why change?

"That's music, baby!" Rock bellowed.

Everybody laughed.



"MY THING WAS: IF YOU AIN'T GONNA MAKE NO MONEY OUT OF IT, DON'T DO IT"

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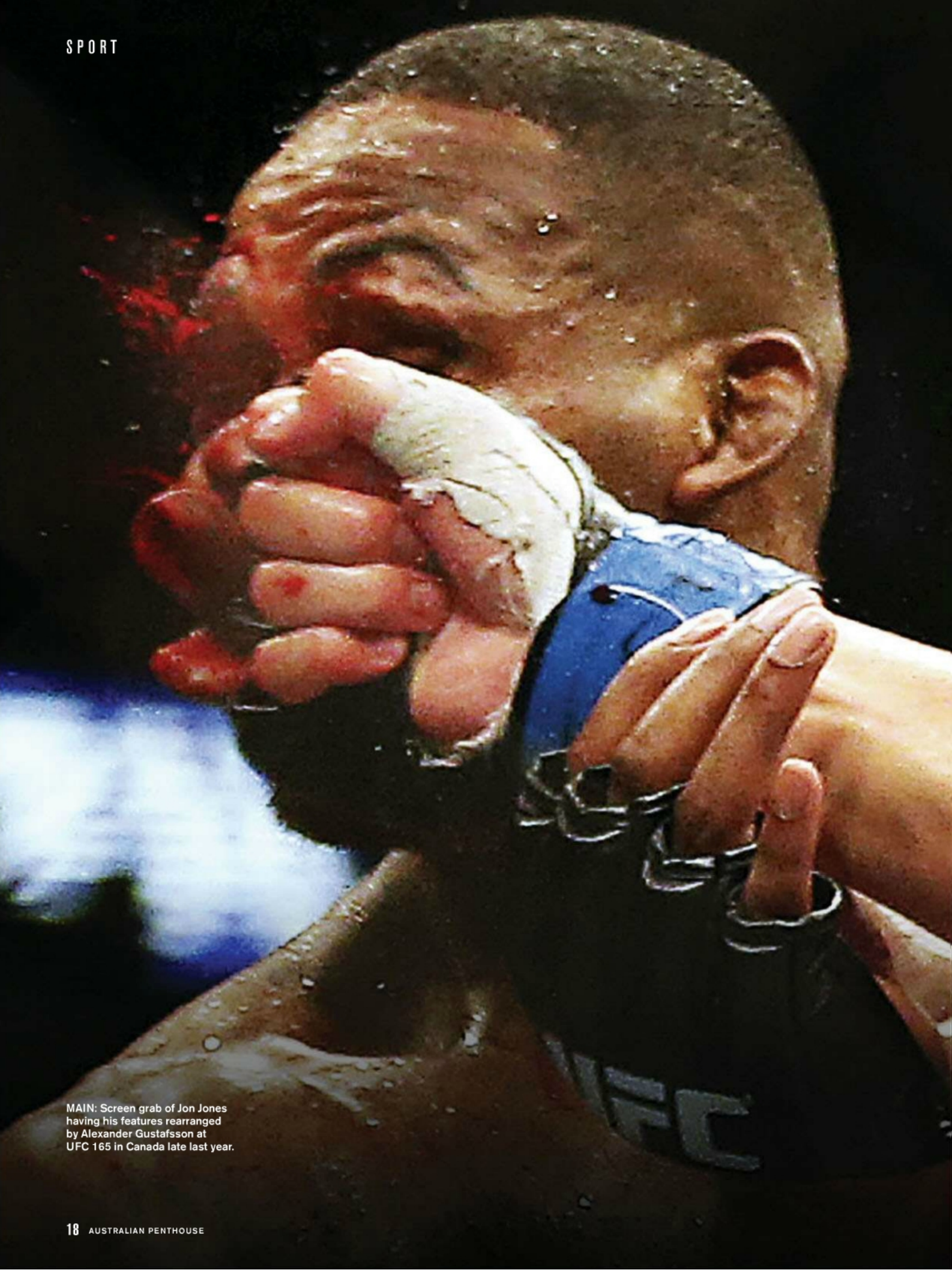
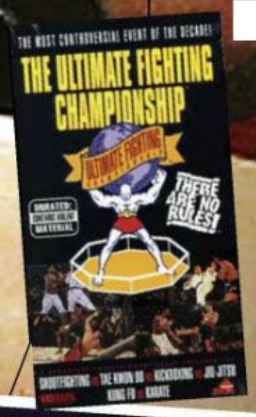


MAIN: Screen grab of Jon Jones having his features rearranged by Alexander Gustafsson at UFC 165 in Canada late last year.

WORDS : BEN SMITHURST

UFC'S BLOODY TKO

HOW THE ULTIMATE FIGHTING CHAMPIONSHIP KNOCKED BOXING TO THE CANVAS TO BECOME THE BIGGEST BIFFO ON EARTH



THE ULTIMATE Fighting Championship is a grandiose, comic-book sort of name and although it was 1993, it began like the plot of an '80s Van Damme brawler. Actually, 'plot' gives the UFC too much credit. The concept was a real-life *Street Fighter II* arcade game, an elaborate set-up with a black American boxer and a Samoan Sumo who looked like a golem and a hundred kilo Dutch karate champ and more. Eight men fighting in a cage to settle a schoolyard debate: which martial art kicked the most arse.

No Marqess of Queensbury. No standing eight counts. No weight classes. "There are no rules!" the fight bill proclaimed, albeit a touch disingenuously. "The only taboo," recalled Royce Gracie, founder and participant (Brazilian jiu-jitsu), "was biting or poking someone in the eye".

It was supposed to be a one-off, held in Denver, Colorado. Style versus style, two fighters at a time sealed inside the medieval pretence of a walled octagon. A premise simultaneously brilliant and dumb, and thus perfectly American.

Not that the combatants took it lightly. Midway through the card, sportswriter Clyde Gentry described the scene backstage: "When [boxer] Jimmerson entered the changing room, Kevin Rosier was putting his jaw in place again. It was clearly broken. [Kickboxer] Zane Frasier was on a stretcher waiting to be carried to the hospital … he could not breathe without assistance … The doctors were trying to pull out two of [Sumo wrestler] Tuli's teeth that had become etched in [karateka] Gourdeau's foot. They decided that it would be better to keep the teeth inside to avoid a greater exposure of the wound during the rest of the gala."

Gracie won. The spectacle was primal and exhilarating, the Brazilian, barely 76kg, dropping three opponents in a single night. Two of them weighed over 100kg. Gracie pocketed just $50,000.

Martial artists flocked to Brazilian jiu-jitsu, and yet, UFC still didn't seem much of a threat to proper boxing. Just seven days earlier, Evander Holyfield had made $9m taking a fat Riddick Bowe's world heavyweight belts in Las Vegas. But boxing was already exposed. Even before Bowe's loss, international promoter Cedric Kushner's complaint that "it shows there's less depth among the heavyweights than ever before" was a familiar refrain.

The sweet science's decline has been painful, largely because boxing deludes itself: it was never popular because it was sweet, and only insiders properly appreciate the science. In the heavyweight division, the everyman's spectacle, nobody has guaranteed truly dangerous, must-watch aggression since Mike Tyson was jailed for rape in 1992. Nothing has changed. Kushner's words might just as easily have come almost two decades later from retiring Welsh unified champion Joe Calzaghe.

"I think boxing is a dying sport," he said in 2008. "Globally – in America, for instance – you've got UFC, which has taken a lot off boxing, business-wise. There is too much politics in boxing, too many belts and too many champions, which dilutes real champions like myself. There are four world champions in each division and it's bad because there are no stars any more. It's a big problem."

Tyson himself – an unabashed fan of both sports – knows why. "It has to be a passion," he said recently. "That's the problem with boxing: There's no passion."

While boxing's largest purses still far outstrip anything paraded around the octagon, the UFC is an international juggernaut. It is unburdened by the mishmash of rival divisions, and open to exponents of any martial art. Its fighters fight often and their ranks are thick with aspirants; unlike the early days, all fighters now practice mixed martial arts, incorporating a pick 'n' mix of everything, from sambo to muay thai to krav maga. Likewise fandom knows few boundaries, from the TapouT-clad white trash to whom boxing's racial concept of a 'great white hope' never delivered, to Michael Jackson, who once attended a UFC bout disguised as a geriatric in a wheelchair.

In 2014, with an estimated international worth of $3.5b – although the sport's own figures – the UFC may be the world's second most valuable TV sport behind soccer.

That's thanks to Gracie, scion of Brazilian jiu-jitsu's first family, but even more credit belongs to Dana White (right.)

The stocky, slap-headed Irish American is 44, and has been the President of the UFC since 2001. "Never in a million years did [those original] guys think they were creating a sport," he has said, admiringly. "It [just] did so well on pay-per-view they decided to do another, and another."

White owns 10 percent of the UFC. His business partners are a pair of billionaire Nevada property moguls called the Fertitta brothers. The trio had grown obsessed with MMA after running into a Brazilian jui-jitsu fighter while out on the town in Las Vegas in the '90s. They'd begun to train obsessively ("We got fucking psychotic about it," said White, a former amateur boxer) and travel to see UFC fights, spitballing ways they could improve the sport. White had also begun to train and manage fighters, including future household names Tito Ortiz and Chuck Liddell. However, the posse soon found their fight, and travel, options becoming limited – by the UFC's own success.

The Gracie family had sold out to pay TV concerns in 1995. Greater publicity had brought infamy, and the backlash was as savage as any Fedor Emelianenko ground-and-pound.

"Ultimate Fighting contests are even more physically dangerous and morally abhorrent than boxing," thundered Lonnie Bristol, past President of the American Medical Association. "It is the opinion of the AMA that these bloody brawls should be banned immediately."

Future White House Presidential hopeful John McCain caught a tape of the UFC and was similarly incensed, describing it as "human cockfighting". The Republican war hero wrote to every US governor, and the sport was banned in all states but two, and some Indian reservations, which operate outside state law.

Consequently, at the turn of the millennia, MMA was in trouble. White and co. bought the entire organisation for $2 million. Using their spitballed ideas – one of the Fertitta brothers, Lorenzo, is a former Nevada state boxing administrator – they introduced weight divisions and rules to curb the sport's more barbaric excesses. That included a ban on 'fish-hooking', wherein fighters could attack opponents' orifices with jammed-in fingers or hands.

Even so, the UFC continued to be a money drain, eventually going US$45 million into the red. Then, in a piece of both PR and marketing genius, White roped in Spike TV, America's most ludicrously blokey pay TV station (typical fare: *Frankenfood*, a show that jams together and roasts various meats, or *Rat B*stards*, where Lousiana rednecks blast feral 14kg swamp rats with shotguns). In 2005, Spike agreed to screen a reality show, *The Ultimate Fighter*, wherein a Big Brother-style house of MMA aspirants literally fought each other for a UFC contract. UFC had its break. It was soon Spike's biggest show; now on Fox, it's in its 17th season.

By 2008, the UFC was worth US$1 billion. It has also gone global, screening in 150 countries worldwide by 2010, while champions have come from all corners of the Americas, Asia and Europe. Along the way, White and co bought out and absorbed rival promotions, limiting boxing's confusing malaise of multiple titles and belts. White remains intimately, passionately and functionally connected with the sport, across rising fighters and events, as do the Fertittas, whose commitment is way

WITH AN ESTIMATED WORTH OF $3.5 BILLION, UFC MAY BE THE SECOND MOST VALUABLE TV SPORT AFTER SOCCER

deeper than the typical executives'.

Mike Tyson, boxing's last cross-cultural giant, now fancies a role as an MMA commentator. He says it's passion that's put mixed martial arts – and, by association, White's UFC – ahead of the pack. That passion goes all the way to the boardroom. According to US magazine journalist Mike Sager, the dispute-resolution clause in their contract says, "disagreements between Frank and Lorenzo Fertitta are to be resolved via a 'Sport Jiu-Jitsu match,' three five-minute rounds, refereed by White and 'decided by submission or points.'"

When Tyson spat a chunk of Evander Holyfield's ear onto the canvas in 1997, the Nevada State Athletic Commission (NSAC) – of which Lorenzo Fertitta was then a commissioner – revoked his ring license. They called him a "disgrace to boxing" and fined him $3m.

Now the redeemed Tyson is now an avid follower of UFC, and as he was in the ring, Tyson is a devastating exposer of flaws.

"I think there's room for both [sports], but boxing just has too many black eyes," he told ESPN. "It doesn't have a good image." Tyson longed for "a chance to clean it up, get it organised and government-operated. It has to be. Look at all the atrocities that have happened in the history of boxing."

He would know.

"In MMA, even though people are fighting, they have a good image. Very few of them get into tragic troubles where they're beating people up and stuff.

"[Boxers] want to be record producers, rappers. In MMA, you see that passion. [Canadian superstar] Georges St-Pierre, this is all he wants to do. That's why he's so successful.

"In boxing, it's like, 'The hell with you'. The fighters dislike everybody. The MMA fighters are killing each other and they're friends!"

"I love MMA and love boxing, but I'm always watching the MMA stuff. With boxing, you don't know if the guy's going to get a [good] decision, you know?"

Tyson was once sport's most unhinged, most disgraced villain. Ironically, in its dotage, he's become boxing's last voice of reason.

FIVE TO WATCH...

The UFC has held five sell-out events in Australia, albeit not in Victoria or WA, where 'caged' fighting is banned. Which hasn't stopped a brace of Aussie MMA fighters coming to global attention…

JAKE MATTHEWS

In June, 19-year-old, 70kg Melbourne prodigy Jake "The Celtic Kid" Matthews became the world's youngest UFC fighter when he locked up American Dashton Johnson in a third-round triangle-choke submission at UFC New Zealand. "Jake Matthews is NASTY!!!!" Tweeted Dana White.

ROBERT WHITTAKER

Kiwi-born, Menai, NSW-based 23-year-old Robert Whittaker is an unorthodox ground-and-pound grappler who won the welterweight division of the UFC's *The Ultimate Fighter: The Smashes* reality show in December 2012. "For me, to fight in the UFC is the biggest honour and privilege," he says.

KYLE NOKE

Former bodyguard to Steve Irwin, Kyle Noke, 34, is from Dubbo but fights out of Albuquerque, New Mexico. He is expected to face hulking Japanese MMA champion and judoka Yoshihiro Akiyama in September after breaking his hand in a three round loss to Canadian Patrick Cote in April. The UFC is the "realisation of a dream for me," he says.

HECTOR LOMBARD

Cuban Australian MMA and Olympic judoka Hector "Lightning" Lombard is from Sydney but fights out of Coconut Creek, Florida. The middleweight was number ranked six in the world in UFC when he was forced to pull out of a UFC bout in Macau in August. "I have always been a fan of fighting," he says.

DYLAN ANDREWS

Despite a youth admittedly blighted by drugs and alcohol, Gold Coast-based Kiwi Dylan "The Villain" Andrews, 34, claims he's nothing of the sort: "No, the coach just came up with that because it rhymed with my name," he laughs. The 854kg Maori has lived in Australia for a decade and holds a pair of Australian middleweight titles.

ENTREPRENEURS : BY MARK ABERNETHY

WEBSITE FOUNDER ALBORZ FALLAH

AS FAR as dream jobs go, how does this stack up? You're paid to fly in style to France and drive a Bugatti Veyron around a test track, making you the among the first people in the world to drive the 750kW supercar. When that gig's over, you move on to Germany and Italy to sample their supercars.

Alborz Fallah has such a dream job, but for the 29-year-old founder of CarAdvice.com.au it's very real. The entrepreneur who has built a small empire on the need for impartial reviews of cars, now employs more than 25 people in a business recently valued at $25 million.

"It's certainly a dream job," says Fallah, "but we're a business. The automotive industry's annual advertising spend is around $1.5 billion and we have to ensure we have a growing slice of that."

Car Advice has carved itself an important niche in motoring media, which was once dominated by giants such as News Ltd, Fairfax Media and Australian Consolidated Press (now Bauer, with *Wheels* and *MOTOR*).

"The internet changed everything," says Fallah. "Buyers started Googling a car they were interested in because they wanted impartial advice, but all they could get was stories with a marketing feel."

Fallah's idea was to review new cars from an honest consumer perspective. So in 2006 he spent $35 to register the web address, and CarAdvice.com.au was born.

This wasn't his first business. When he was 10 years old, he built several fan sites around bands such as The Offspring, and sold advertising space on them.

"I was getting, like, $150 a month and I had to have the account in my father's name because American ad-server companies wouldn't accept a customer under 21 years old."

He tried restaurant booking sites, an internet cafe, and had a successful web design firm after he finished his degrees in Cognitive Science and IT at the University of Queensland. He started 17 online businesses before opening Car Advice.

THE BOTTOM LINE

COMPANY:
CARADVICE.COM.AU
SECTOR:
ONLINE MOTORING MEDIA
FOUNDED:
2006
ANNUAL TURNOVER:
$6M
EMPLOYEES:
25

However, Fallah – who emigrated with his family from Iran at the age of eight – always wanted to be a motoring journalist.

"Even when I was building the web design business, I was sending letters to motoring editors, trying to get a job. I loved cars."

He couldn't get a job in the media, so in 2006 he opened Car Advice and was quickly joined by friend and partner Anthony Crawford, writing the car reviews and shooting video. The site didn't make an instant splash but Fallah had something on his side: expertise in search engine optimisation (SEO).

"The turning point came when Holden was spending a huge budget to launch a new Barina, and the Car Advice review of their car was the highest-ranked on Google. They couldn't ignore it and had no option but to deal with us."

That approach from Holden helped open the advertising gates and proved that brutally honest car tests could be as good for business as the mainstream media's reviews.

Car Advice now occupies a niche that sees it competing in a group of online car sites, all of them chasing Carsales.com.au. The site's niche is impartiality, something it jealously guards: Fallah tells the story of the large car maker that was unhappy with a review of a new model and threatened to pull its entire advertising commitment. "We decided we had to stay true to our readers, and we lost $200,000 over that decision. But the car maker came back and we kept our readers."

Fallah has an enviable life when you look from the outside. However, he works hard for success. He took 268 airline flights in 2013, and tested more cars than he can remember.

He has now tested most of the world's supercars and, yes, he reckons a flash car does attract women (he nominates the Aston Martin DBS as the best babe magnet).

But it was the Bugatti Veyron that broke Car Advice on the world stage because he and his team were the first Australians to drive it and the video of the test became a hit on YouTube. That video of the Veyron typifies the Car Advice ethos: talking as a consumer to consumers, and concentrating on everyday concerns.

"Our reviews must contain real information about cost of repairs and cost of ownership," says Fallah. "We love testing cars, but the readers are the ones buying it. It's their money and we always keep that in mind."

IT WAS THE BUGATTI VEYRON THAT BROKE CAR ADVICE ON THE WORLD STAGE; FALLAH WAS THE FIRST AUSSIE TO DRIVE IT

Fallah applies his consumer-centric approach to all cars. "My business approach is not technical," says Fallah. "Our strength against the huge media companies is that we're small and we can adapt quickly to what the consumer wants."

The next step for Car Advice is to become the "clear number two" in the online car rankings, and to spin off a marine site called Boat Advice.

In Alborz Fallah's world, failure is not a real concept. "There's no failure at Car Advice – just ideas that didn't do as well as we thought."

THE BUGATTI VEYRON: "NEEDS MORE POWER" HUMBLE BEGINNINGS AT THE 'OTHER' OFFICE CURRENT LOOK OF CARADVICE.COM.AU

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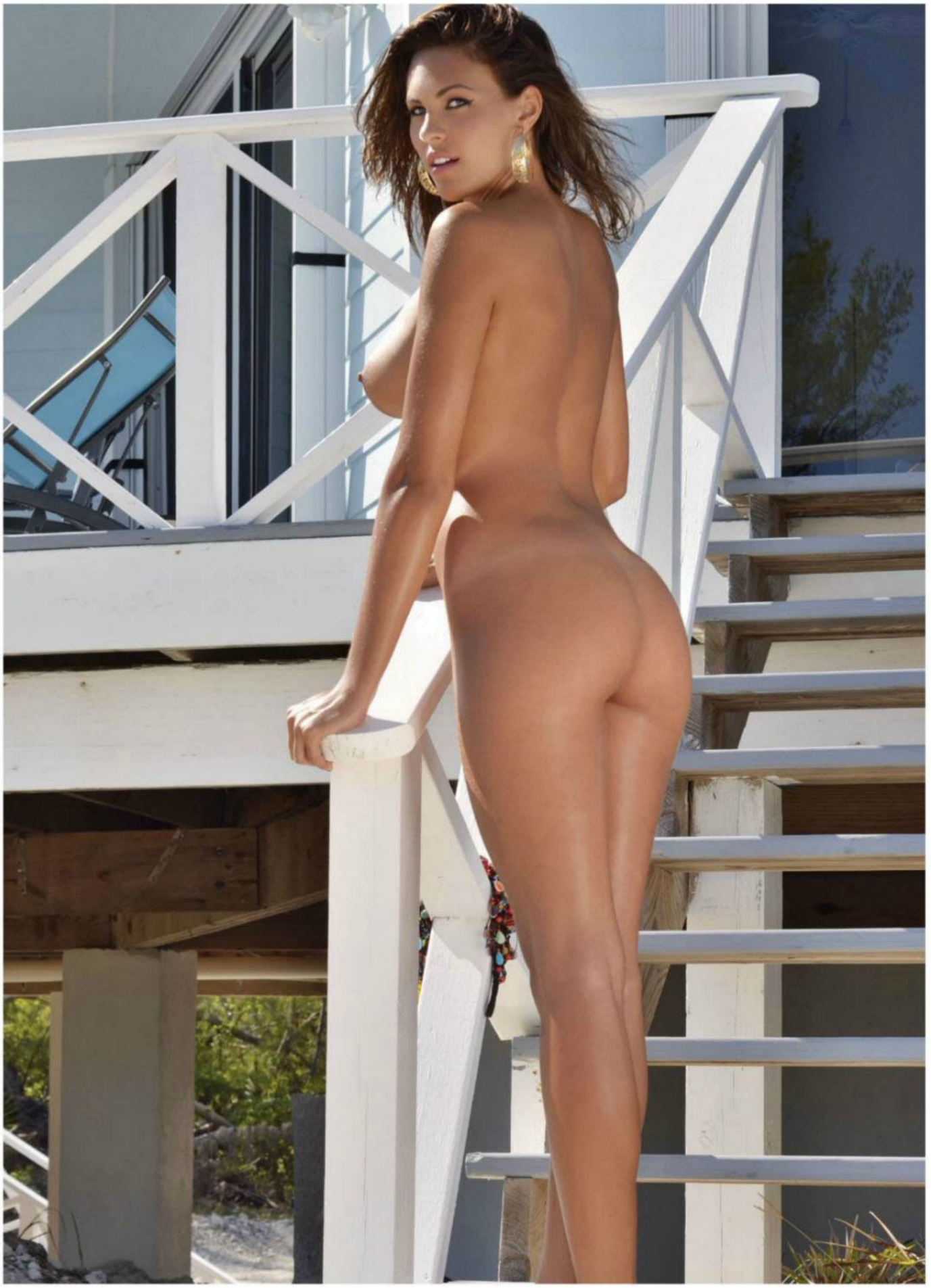

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TALKIN' TURKEY

IT'S KNOWN FOR ITS CHEAP CARPETS, ANCIENT RUINS AND EXOTIC PALACES, BUT THERE'S A KINKIER SIDE TO THIS CULTURAL MELTING POT

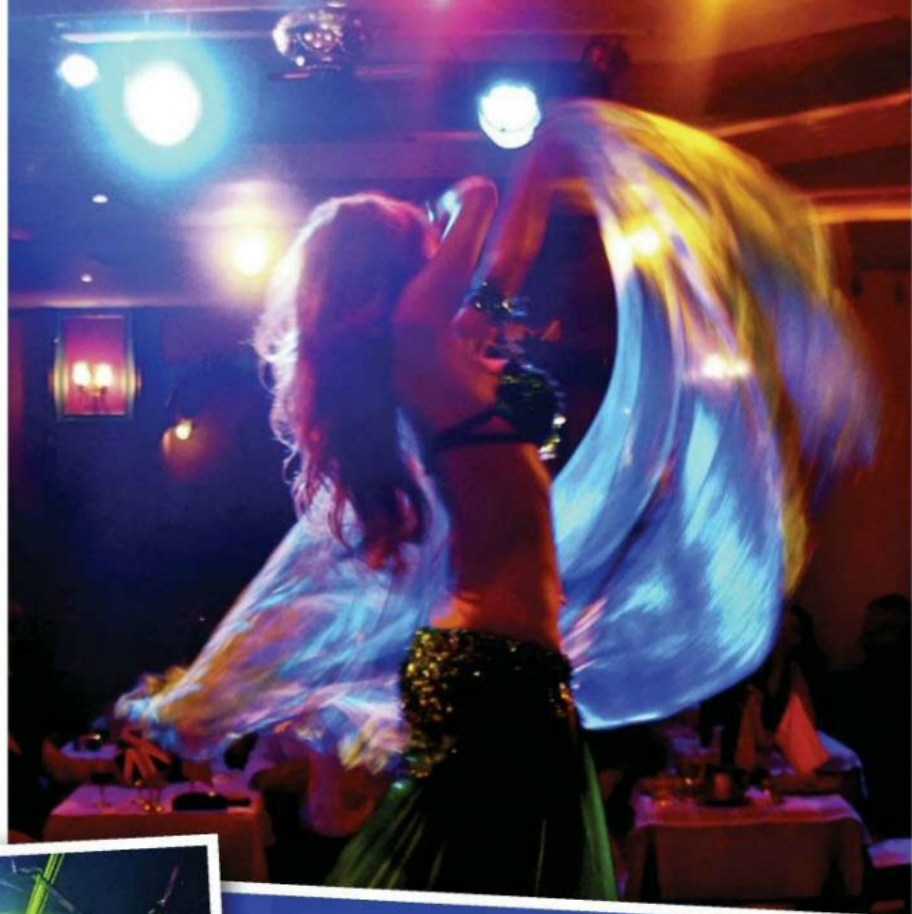
IT WAS over a drink in a club by the Bosphorus that a sweet Turkish girlfriend first threw me for a six. "I'm a virgin," she revealed shyly as we knocked back shots of raki, an aniseed concoction (come paint stripper) that serves as the national drink. Nothing wrong with that, I thought. Turkey may be a secular country but it's still predominantly Muslim, no? "I mean obviously I'm saving my vagina for my future husband," she continued, "but my arse? Well, let's just say everybody's had a turn."

Admittedly, this classy imagery is hardly the first thing that usually comes to mind when one thinks of Turkey; you're more likely to dream up visions of exotic bazaars, minarets and insistent rug sellers in blinding gold chains. But although much is made about the country's 'East meets West' charm, it's also the home of cheap watering holes, endless kebab joints and whole resort towns made up solely of loose English women (and clearly, the odd Turk) on holiday. Simply put? This is a destination that has something for everyone, and not everything is as it appears to be.

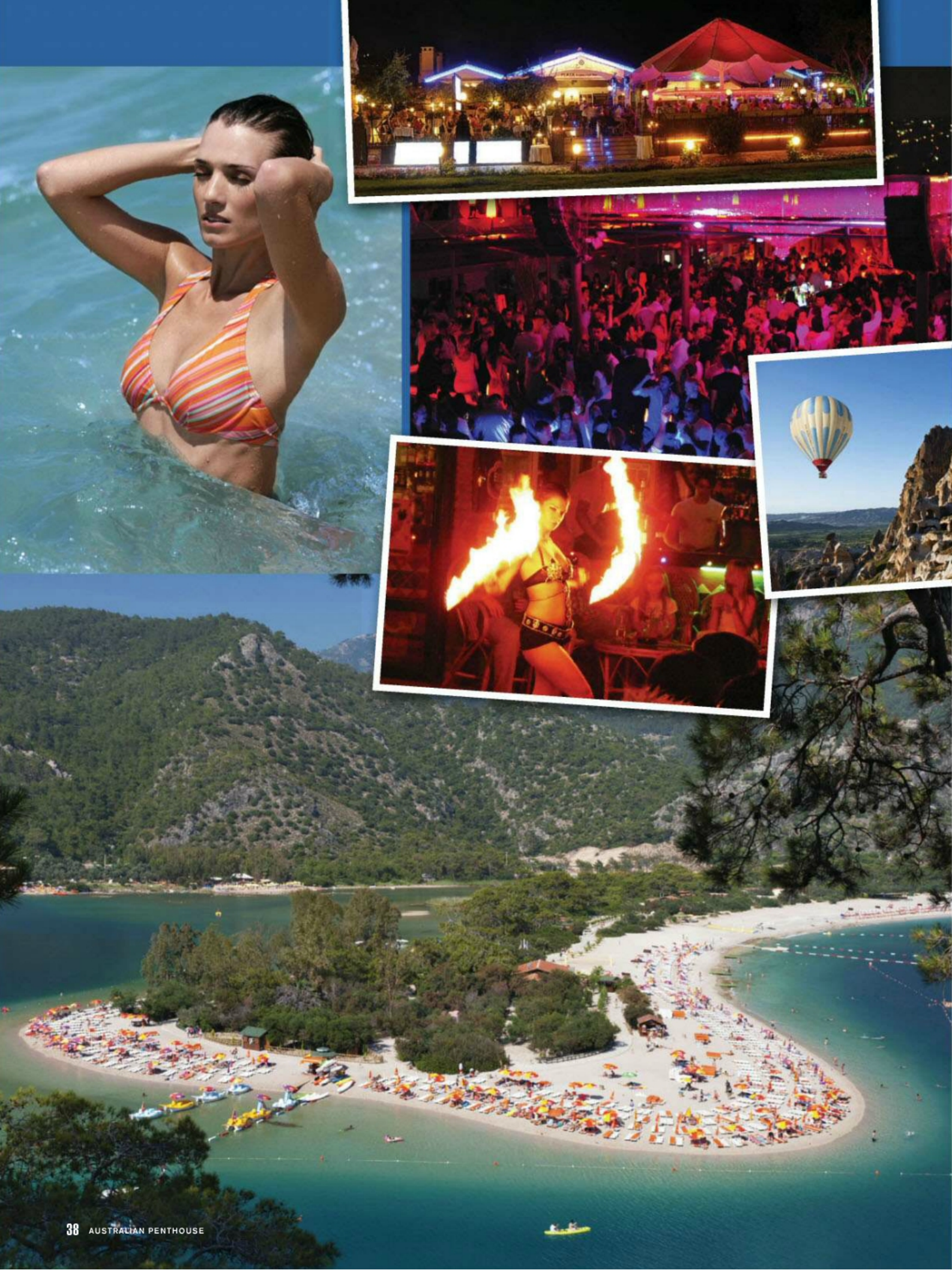
Fly into Istanbul, a bustling city of 13 million that straddles both Europe and Asia and comes together in an inescapable feast of sights, sounds and cigarette smoke. Although the city's most famous sights – namely the Blue Mosque, Hagia Sophia, Topkapi Palace and the Grand Bazaar – are located in the old city, you need to set up digs in the suburb of Beyoglu, the heart of Istanbul's buzzing nightlife. During the day, the streets and laneways are filled with hip stores, hipper bars and cheap feeds, but at night, Beyoglu lets its freak flag fly as the clubs start pumping and her back streets fill up with 'Natashas' (the Turkish term for Eastern European working women). How much it costs you to get laid here depends entirely on your altitude; at street or brothel level, you're looking at $50, but head upstairs to one of the district's fabled rooftop bars, however, and it's an expensive meal, shitloads of frilly cocktails and – for a westerner – the odd flicker of interest which shuts down the minute you confess to driving a Ford. Your best bet? Stick to the classic nightspots of Off Pera and nearby Taksim's Kemanci Rock Bar, both within stumbling distance from an impressive line-up of cheap, late-night kebab joints.

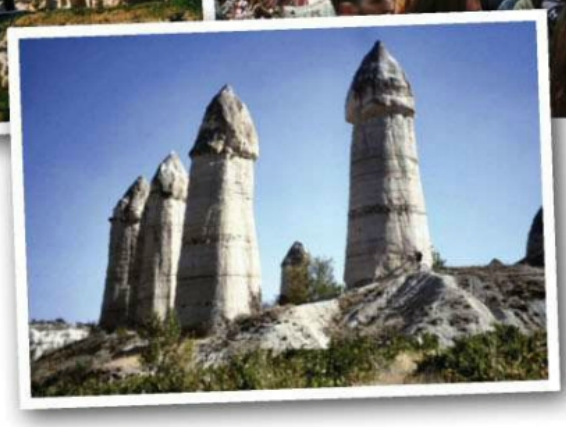
> "AT NIGHT, CLUBS START PUMPING AND BACK STREETS FILL WITH 'NATASHAS' "

Once you've had your fill of Istanbul's mosques, waterside palaces and bazaars (or perhaps you've made the mistake of attempting to discuss politics, religion or soccer with a Turk), it's time to leave town (immediately, in the case of the latter). Sure, you could head East to spend the remainder of your trip admiring mountainous vistas



Talent-scouting among the rooftop bars overlooking the Bosphorus strait





peppered with ancient archaeological sights as you breakdance your way through a bit of friendly Kurdish guerrilla gunfire. Most however, head south to the Anatolian heartland of Cappadocia.

Best known for its eerie moonscape – a result of ancient volcanic eruptions which have been shaped by the elements over time to form a landscape of penis-shaped cones, pillars and chimneys – the area is popular with adventurous types who are into hot air ballooning or crawling through the region's many multi-story underground cities. Screw all that and explore the region's open-air museums by hiring a motorbike – but only after you inspect the beast so thoroughly you're one button away from dropping your pants and making love to it. (A popular scam is to charge you extras when you return it for bike parts which have "fallen off" during your ride.) There are plenty of cave bars along the roads and a couple of ice cold Efes (the local beer) will provide welcome relief in the merciless heat. Only the strong last more than a couple of days here before heading down to the Mediterranean coast.

"SINCE THEN, WOMEN OF QUESTIONABLE VALUES HAVE INVADED"

One of the biggest problems Turkey currently faces (if you believe all the travel journalists and Turkophiles) is the 'Pomification' of its seaside resorts, something that picked up speed in the '90s when large numbers of British nationals started buying up in new developments and subsequently turning once tranquil ports and villages into Essex by Sea. Since then, horny women totally up for it have invaded the once-quiet beach towns of Oludeniz, Fethiye, Hisaronu and Bodrum in a quest to see whether the Durex survey had it right when they declared Turkish men to have the second-largest cocks in the world. Rock on their dime by positioning yourself in any one of the number of bars or hotel pools and ordering a couple of drinks. Yeah, the music will be Eurovison-shit, playing as though the DJ is frozen in 1993, but long after the sun has gone down on the Mediterranean and you've had your fill of the obligatory mixed grills, waters sports, and mild sunstroke, many will be looking for a friendly (or just an alternative) shoulder to cry on. And maybe, just maybe, she'll be a 'virgin'.

TURKEY

WHERE TO STAY:

Istanbul: Historic Pera Palace (jumeirah.com) was the choice for everyone from Hitchcock to Agatha Christie. Rooms start from $340 per night.

Cappadocia: Stay in a cave like no other at Kelebek Cave Hotel (kelebekhotel.com), Goreme. Rooms start from $80 a night.

Fethiye: The luxurious Hillside Beach Club (hillsidebeachclub.com), from $400 per night, is tucked between mountain and sea.

Bodrum: Recently refurbished Club Virgin Bodrum has got the best location in town. Priced from $135 a night.

PRICES: Expect to pay $2 for a bottle of local beer and $3.50 for a glass of raki (or $35 a bottle).

Food starts from $3 for basic, tasty street grub.

For more information, visit goturkeytourism.com

M TO THE P

SUCCESS can be a double-edged sword for a carmaker. You can make a mint selling well-priced cars to which people are indifferent, but if you get every last detail right and build something spectacular, it's possible you're screwed. When buyers love your car, they don't want it to ever change. But government regulations, fickle mainstream tastes, and the fact that nobody but Morgan has yet figured out how to keep an entire company afloat building the same product for decades mean that, eventually, you'll need to redesign. And change means backlash.

BMW M fans got a double shot of hard-to-swallow change when the brand announced the next generation of its internal muse, the M3. It makes its power not as it winds to a banshee-wail, naturally aspirated redline, but rather via a pair of turbochargers. And the coupe, the original and most iconic M3 body style, was rechristened M4 to align with BMW's naming convention *du jour*. (The sedan keeps the M3 moniker.)

Based on the current, F30-generation 3- and F32 4-series, the new M4 is longer and wider than its predecessor, but weighs about the same. It also gets its own chassis code for the first time: F82. Extremists applaud BMW's fanatical approach to weight saving, and on this generation, BMW fashions the front and rear suspension links, as well as the bonnet and guards, from aluminium. Carbon fibre is used for the roof, driveshaft, and bootlid.

Even thought the M3 and the M4 are identical in many ways and share many part numbers, that boot is one of the bigger differences. Engineers tell us they wanted the two cars to have the same aerodynamic properties, but the airflow over the coupe's shorter roof would have required a large spoiler, which designers didn't want. Instead, they formed a new bootlid with an integrated

OWER OF 4

BMW'S ALL-NEW ITERATION OF ITS ICONIC PERFORMANCE CAR MAY HAVE CHANGED ITS NAME, AND CHANGED ITS TUNE, BUT THE ESSENTIAL SONG REMAINS THE SAME

ducktail spoiler. The thinking was, "If you're going to do it, do it right." So, while they were designing the new lid, they designed it with a carbonfibre inner structure and fibreglass outer skin.

Rubber bushings between the regular 4-Series rear subframe and body structure allow the assembly to squirm under duress, diluting handling precision. Here, there are no rubber bushings. The subframe is bolted directly to the body for a more rigid structure. This, with additional bracing and a stiffer suspension, results in a car that is vastly more responsive and immediate than the regular 4 Series. The M4 thus is more eager to let its tail step out. Once that happens, though, it's easy to hang it out there and control your slip angle or snap it back into line. It's a total blast, supremely responsive and controllable.

The downside to such a delightful chassis is that, even in the softest of its three adjustable damper settings, the M4 is stiff-legged. The roughest stretches of bitumen will still give you a shaking, so we Aussies need to accept this trade-off for such flat, predictable handling. The brakes are strong, but the pedal isn't quite as responsive at the top of its travel as we'd like.

Electric power steering saves weight in the M4, too, and its weighting can be tailored from Popeye (Sport+) to Olive Oyl (Comfort), Comfort is our preferred steering setting. Sport Plus is predictably wooden, and Sport has a nice weight but an unnaturally sticky insistence to self-centre. Comfort is light and natural, the rack fast and accurate, but I craved more feedback and feel.

M cars used to be heralded for their high-revving engines, but with the discontinuation of the 128i and previous M3, BMW no longer powers a single vehicle in Oz with a naturally aspirated powerplant. Because BMW has decided that half a litre is the ideal cylinder volume, the S55 in-line six powering the M4 displaces the same 3.0-litres as other BMW

IN DETAIL

BMW M4
PRICE $166,900 plus on-road costs
ENGINE 3.0-litre in-line 6 petrol
POWER 317kW @ 5500rpm
TORQUE 550Nm @ 1850-5500rpm
TRANSMISSION 6-speed manual
7-speed dual-clutch
KERB WEIGHT 1572kg
0-100KM/H 4.1 seconds
RATING ★★★★☆

in-line-sixes, but it's a unique piece. The block, the crank, the pistons, the rods, and the turbos are all-new. The head is about the only major part to carry over from any other engine.

Yes, winding the E92 M3 beyond 8000rpm is pleasing, but you know what else is satisfying? Torque. Right now. And it's not like the F82's 7600-rpm fuel cut-off is low. The F82 packs an additional (8kW) over its predecessor's V8, and the twin-turbo 3.0-litre has 150Nm more than the E92's 4.0-litre unit. The result is an immediacy well beyond what the old car was capable of. You'll rip from 0-100km/h in around 4.1 seconds in a car equipped with the DCT dual-clutch gearbox.

The S55 sounds great, too. Under light load, occupants hear some distant turbo whistle and pop-off sneeze, but floor it, and butterfly valves upstream of the outer two tailpipes open, allowing the exhaust gases to bypass most of the muffler. The result is a bawdy roar, a much bigger sound than expected from a engine small enough to fit in the M4. Inside the car at lower speeds, the soundtrack is augmented by synthesised noise piped through the audio speakers, but the Alan Parsons approach is a minor part of the sonic signature. To bystanders, the M4's tailpipes spit a savage, race-car tune.

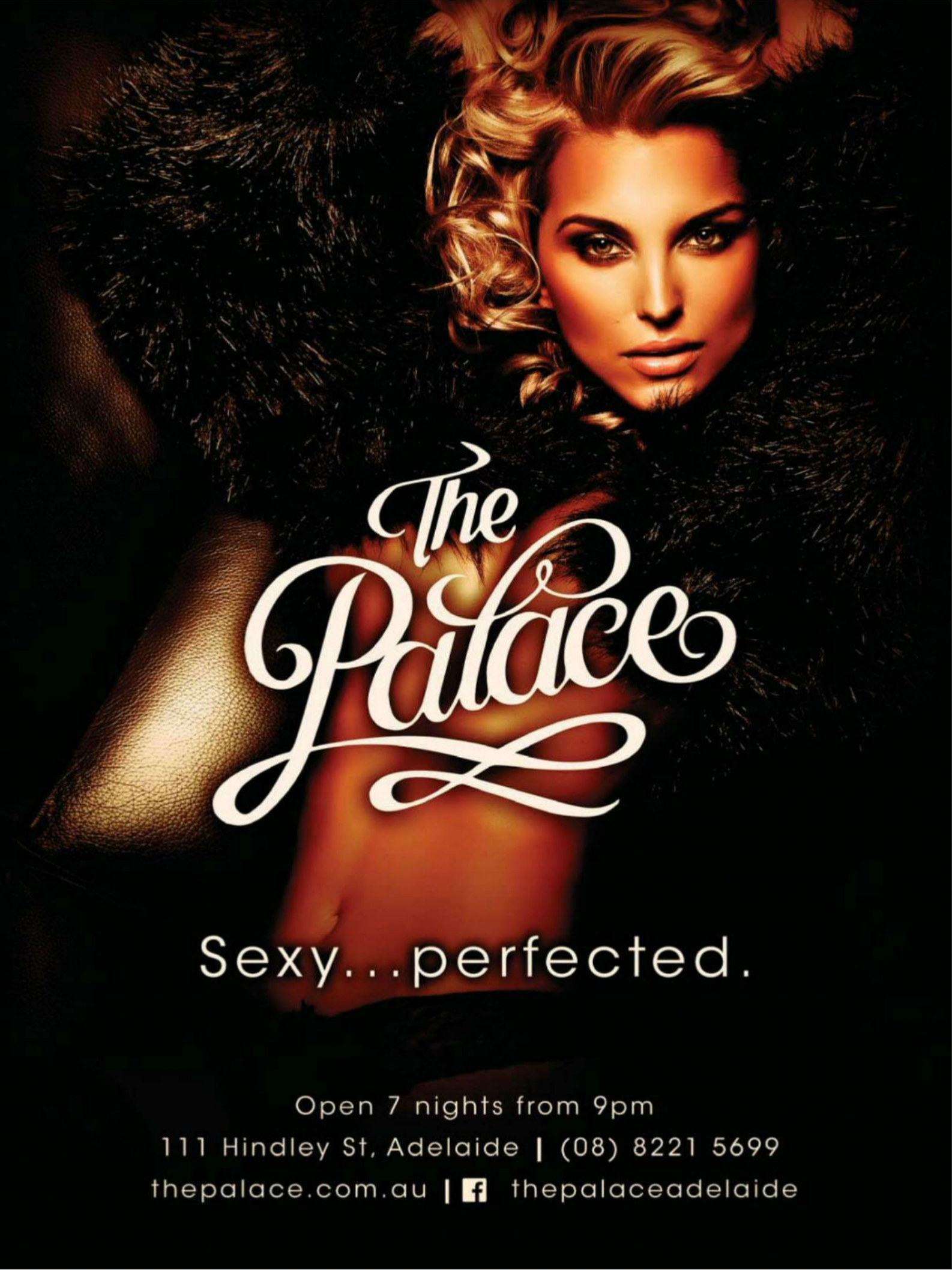
As did the outgoing M3, the M4 will offer a choice of a six-speed manual transmission and seven-speed dual-clutch automatic. This is something to stand up and applaud, given the demise of the manual in most other performance cars. Like seemingly every other one of the car's systems, the dual-clutch box has three settings. The most aggressive slams into the next gear too hard for road use, but we were annoyed that the slower settings take longer to respond to commands from the paddles. If you want your shift to occur immediately after you pull the paddle, you get harsh shifts. This is just one more reason to order the manual, in which every shift parameter is infinitely variable.

Another reason is pricing. With the manual, an M4 starts at $166,900, and that's just the start of a very long and expensive options list. Mostly buyers will most likely drop at least another 15 percent over the base price.

And you should spend money on one. We've questioned a lot of the changes BMW has made to its vehicles lately, wondering whether the company is building on its successes or changing its cars and making them more complicated simply because it could.

The F32 4-series might not be exactly the 3-series we want it to be, but the M4 is unquestionably an M3.

ITS BAWDY ROAR IS MUCH BIGGER THAN EXPECTED FROM AN ENGINE SMALL ENOUGH TO FIT IN THE M4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WORDS : ALEX BOYD

JAWS IN 3D

TOO SCARED TO GET IN THE CAGE WITH A UFC FIGHTER? HOW ABOUT GETTING IN A CAGE WITH A GREAT WHITE?

I'M HEADING east from Cape Town on the coast road when I spot something in the fields. Pulling over and digging out my binoculars, I see a small flock of blue cranes, one of Arica's most graceful and increasingly rare brids. It seems like a good omen, because I am on the hunt for rare creatures, more particularly a specimen few people might describe as graceful: the great white shark. The best place in the world to spot these is in the waters off the coast of the tiny South African settlement of Gansbaai, 160km miles south-west of Cape Town, a place that has found a lucrative niche in the world of animal encounters. That success, however, has not come without controversy.

I'm soon having a quick lunch with a dozen other visitors before we climb into wetsuits and stroll down to the harbour. We're a mixed bag – I won't say bait bag – of mostly thrill-seeking, gap-year students fresh from their first bungee jump and eager to tick off cage diving, but also a few wildlife enthusiasts. Some of the group are already swallowing sea sickness pills; there are lots of white caps out in the bay. Gansbaai's "harbour" is actually a narrow rocky inlet whose mouth looks distinctly treacherous.

Our boat is loaded up and we roar out. After 20 minutes, we locate the diving cage, left in the water attached to floats and an anchor line. One crew member starts "chumming" the water – chucking in scoops of fish-blood and guts – to attract the sharks.

No one on our boat can be in any doubt that chumming works. Within seconds a large stingray comes nosing around, and there's soon a triangular fin slicing through the water. On the upper deck, one of the crew recognises the fin shape: it's a massive female measuring over four metres.

"Each year fewer than 10 people get taken by sharks," he tells me. "That's compared with more than 400 killed by electric toasters."

With this memorable, if baffling, statistic in mind, I join three other divers in the cage as it's slowly lowered into the water. When we eventually reach our depth of 17m, the visibility is about 10 metres. It takes only a few minutes before I see my first great white underwater. It comes slowly into view and passes the cage about two metres away. It's a massive-girthed beast of a creature close to five metres long. As it cruises past it reminds me of a lethal, live, miniature submarine. There's a terrifying beauty about this top-level predator when observed in its own environment – a truly awe inspiring sight. Almost immediately, another huge specimen comes cruising past. Our eyes meet. This one is virtually at the cage. If I was a fool, I could reach out and touch it.

My rational brain is chanting a mantra of reassurance about the cage, yet still my adrenal glands fizz and flood my brain with an intoxicating mix of fear and excitement. Several other swim-pasts occur, then the action really starts. The sharks are coming through thick and fast now. One suddenly turns and rams the cage, shoving its snout between the top two bars. "They're just curious" our guide would later suggest. My emotions are a combination of excitement and fascination. We have several more passes during my time in the cage, and each time I marvel at the scale and sheer powers of intimidation of this apex predator, yet I can't escape the feeling the shark is looking in at us much the same way we view caged animals in a zoo.

> "ONE SUDDENLY RAMS THE CAGE, SHOVING ITS SNOUT BETWEEN THE BARS"

Later that afternoon I opt to dive in a surface cage. The surface cage floats close to the baited lines so the sharks are even more excited and aroused than when they're swimming around on the bottom. I'm the only person in the cage for the first hour, and over this period, two massive great whites come right up to me on several occasions, bumping the cage with their snouts and banging it with their tails as they eye the tuna baits. The sharks are only centimetres from my face, so I can clearly see old scars and scratches etched along their bodies as they swim past. When you're up this close, the power of these animals is palpable. They are magnificent creatures, somehow both ghastly in their killing potential yet utterly mesmerising and so perfectly adapted for the environment they inhabit.

Later, back on the boat, I toss around the ethics of attracting sharks with baits. It's a practice that has caused plenty of controversy: some people say it brings the animals close to humans and then fails to feed them, a potentially dangerous association. Others counter that the more successful and lucrative shark watching becomes, the more power it will have to fight the shark-killing industry, which is destroying the animals at a devastating rate. Great whites certainly need all the help they can get and, chumming or not, this feels like a step in the right direction. It is an experience that stays with you long after you've left the water.

SHARK CAGE DIVING

WHEN TO GO: White Shark Dive Co runs trips all year round, but the sharks are most active between May and October. For more info, go to sharkcagedive.com

WHERE: Fly to Cape Town, and they will look after you from there.

CAN'T MAKE IT TO SOUTH AFRICA?: Calypso Star runs trip from Port Lincoln, South Australia. Dives for an adult cost $495, or $395 if you just want to watch from the boat. sharkcagediving.com.au

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TAKING IT ON THE CHIN

LIVE ON THE RAZOR'S EDGE AND LET A PRO HANDLE THE SHAVING DUTIES

SAID slowly, 'outsourcing' is a great-sounding word. It's even better in practice – all the stuff you don't enjoy, or can't be arsed doing, done for you: the laundering and ironing of your shirts, the cleaning of your house, the preparation of your tax return, the washing of your dog. But what about the scraping of hair from your face? There was a time, before the invention of the safety razor, where this was a mandatory outsourcing job for the local barber. And now, in yet another case of things moving full circle, the barber shop shave is back. Why? Because it's the male equivalent to your girl's facial; an indulgent bit of pampering where you get to lie back, and let an expert take care of business.

In the fast-paced world we live in, men like going to the barbers to unwind, to sit in chair, have a chat and get their hair done.

As Sydney managing director David Postas explains it, going to the barber for a trim and shave with a traditional cut-throat razor delivers "the smoothest, greatest shave you've ever had. It leaves you feeling like you've got a brand-new face."

So, here's what to look forward to if you can relax enough to be sorted out by someone who probably has hands as hairy as your own.

There may be as many variations on this theme as there are barbers, but as a principle, to deliver the perfect traditional shave, preparation and products are as important as the shave itself.

First, a cleanser is applied to get rid of grime, followed by a pre-shave to soften the hairs, and an exfoliator (recommended three times a week) to banish dead skin.

Next, a hot towel is wrapped around the face to open the pores. Traditional shaving soap is lathered up in a dish, using a moist badger brush. After the soap is applied, out comes the blade, honed to a razor edge with a leather strop (left). Cutting is done initially in the direction of the hair's growth, with intricate steps under the chin involving shaving both up and down.

Razor-stage finished, a towel soaked in warm water is applied to get rid of any residual soap, then comes a cold press to close the pores, and an after-shave balm applied above the shaving line. Finally, splash of quality cologne leaves the skin smelling fragrant and provides the finishing touch.

An indulgence? Of course. But who doesn't want to feel as though they've got a brand-new face?

THE JEAN POOL

KNOW YOUR CUTS AND WASHES TO AVOID THAT GLASSY-EYED DENIM-DAZE WHEN BUYING YOUR NEXT PAIR

THERE used to be only two certainties in life – death and taxes. But that was before the year 1873 and the invention of denim jeans, at which point a third certainty quickly emerged – women will check out your arse if you wear a good pair.

So, let's assume you've made it this far in life knowing how to choose the right fit for your body shape. That still leaves a myriad of choices when it comes to the denim, the detailing, the stitching and the fly to consider when making a selection. Here's how to cut your way through racks of over-choice to find a pair of jeans that fit look sharp, feel great, and make your backside a visual treat for women everywhere.

CLASSIC WASH

If you're a fan of medium-blue jeans, you're a fan of classic wash. Most denim begins life as an inky blue, and it's then rinsed with cold water, bleach, or some other lightening agent. A classic wash is best reserved for more casual jeans worn with more casual sportswear, like a good hoodie and trainers.

VINTAGE WASH

It can take months to really, truly break in a new pair of jeans, at which point you're probably one long stride away from a tear in the crotch. Hence the vintage wash: This 'pre-distressed' look usually entails some minimal rinsing (so the cloth fades a little but not too much) as well as light sanding at the seams, knees, and thighs.

DARK RINSE

One step shy of raw, or dry, denim, a dark rinse ensures the same look as untreated but with a much softer hand and some variegated shading (usually in the thighs and the knees). This dark, inky blue works just as well with a tailored jacket as it does with a windcheater.

DENIM UP TOP

Up-themselves fashion magazines full of poncy blokes in $1500 cashmere trousers may tell you that going for a double-denium look is so hot right now, but we'd suggest exercising caution. A classic denim jacket like the Levi's Trucker (left, around $90 online) is a great staple, but team it with black jeans to look more like Ryan Gosling in *Drive*, as opposed to Jay Leno in *Fat Old TV Host with Too Many Cars*...

RAW (AKA DRY)

This is denim in its virginal state: unwashed, untreated, and often quite stiff and rough to the touch. (Selvage denim, a type of cloth that's woven on traditional looms, is usually, though not always, raw.) Raw jeans take ages to break in, but once it's done, they're unique to the owner.

THE POCKET

Do you really need to be a billboard for the label? That's what they have a marketing budget for. Steer clear of massive, overt arse-branding. A back pocket adorned with just a hint of branding looks cleaner and less fussy.

THE STITCHING

Here you've got two fundamental options: blue-thread stitching indistinguishable from the colour of the jeans, rendering the seams nearly invisible, or classic contrasting golden yellow, or orange, or even white.

THE FLY

A button fly may hold some retro cred, but for our money, is an all-around pain in the arse. We prefer the crisp efficiency and clean lay of a good zipper — it may not last as long as a button fly, but it's a whole lot easier to live with.

WORDS : STEPHEN CORBY

RAZING THE STEAKS

FIGHT METHANE'S CONTRIBUTION TO GLOBAL WARMING: EAT A COW

THERE'S nothing wrong with vegetarians. In fact, if you cook them just right, they taste a bit like chicken. But it's hard not to pity them, because every time you sit down and eat a truly great steak you realise what a huge, juicy and load-bearing part of the food pyramid those sad, wan little suckers are missing out on. Steak is, quite definitely, the greatest food available to the modern omnivore, and not just because it puts us so beautifully in touch with our forebears – man kills animal, makes fire, puts dead flesh on fire then eats it. Everything else is mere frippery, and the best steakhouses know this, because getting you meat that's wisely sourced and perfectly done is what they do best. Here is our list of Australia's very best.

MELBOURNE

In a city awash with eating choices, there's plenty of debate about where to find the best steak, but there's one premium steakhouse that's so popular it had to clone itself, operating out of two locations at either end of the CBD, and that's **Rare** (pic 1).

Rare features 15 different cuts of beef, each brushed with Rare's unique basting sauce and char-grilled to perfection. A selection of premium red wines forms the final element of the perfect meal – blood red and meaty. The rib-eye is our tip for best cut here.

2. BRISBANE

For the best beef in Brissie, you'll want to go top end, which comes down to a choice between **Moo Moo the Wine Bar and Grill** (pic 2), described as a "less masculine" steakhouse, which features an ageing cabinet where you can watch your meat improving, and our tip, **Cha Cha Char Bar and Grill**.

Opened in 1997, it was and remains the pre-eminent steak place in Brisbane and offers a menu that's like a science lesson about cuts and styles of beef. The wagyu sirloin, aged for 400 days, is the best option, served with wasabi, ponzu, pickled papaya and black sesame.

CANBERRA

It may be about as exciting as watching TV in a blackout, and slightly quieter, but Canberra does feature an impressive number of excellent restaurants, thanks to the fact that it's where the country's power brokers sit to eat.

Top chain steakhouse **Kingsley's** is a popular choice here, but for the very best steak you'll want to head to **The Charcoal Restaurant** (pic 3), which has been running since 1962 and features a warm, woody decor and mouth-watering meals, accompanied by wines good enough for even a politician's palate.

SYDNEY

The biggest problem you have in Sydney is not finding a great steak, but deciding which one to have. **Kingsleys, MUMU Grill** and **Hurricane's Grill** are all excellent, but obviously it's hard to go past **Prime** (pic 4), which has won the gong as Australia's best steak restaurant for 11 years in a row.

Prime offers 18 different premier steaks including wagyu, black Angus and Hereford yearlings, and feels like a restaurant built for beef from the ground up, but our sneaky tip is to check out **Porteno** in Surry Hills, an Argentinian restaurant with a fire pit that cooks up some of the best and juiciest meat you'll ever enjoy in this country.

PERTH

Locals will tell you there's little debate about where to find the best steak in the west, it's the **Adelphi Grill** (pic 5) first, and bright Perth daylight second.

Housed in the Parmelia Hilton, the Adelphi dates back to the 1970s and offers not only the best surf and turf you'll ever taste but, for the steak purist, a massive 600-gram prime rib or the spice-tacular experience that is the fiery fillet steak, rubbed with a secret spice blend and best accompanied by plenty of fluids to put the fire out.

QUEENSTOWN

After a day of serious skiing in Queenstown, the protein boost provided by **Jervois Steakhouse** (pic 6) – JSH to the locals – is just what's required. There are those who call it the best steak restaurant in all of Australasia, and others who rate it above five-star diners like Rockpool. But it's still in New Zealand.

Does a particularly good job on blue steaks, if you like your cow still moo-ing.

CHOOSING YOUR STEAK

The cow, as even a city slicker will tell you, is a big animal, and a lot of it can be turned into steak, but to know which bits are tastiest, consider the golden rule – the tenderness of any given lump of meat is inversely related to the amount of work it did when the animal was alive.

So a muscle that does very little – the equivalent of a human appendix – is best. On a cow, these are found on the back, or backstrap, as they sit there doing nothing other than flinching off the occasional blowfly. So, loin and backstrap cuts are the most tender.

Two thirds of the way down a cow's spine you'll find another lazy muscle group called the 'psoas major', which are also super-tender and are known as the filet mignon or tenderloins. This area gives us a number of best cuts including rib-eye, porterhouse, T-bone and the strip (not the Vegas one, go for a New York strip). All of these cuts are excellent.

GRASS-FED vs GRAIN-FED

Let's make this simple. Before we turned them into little leather and burger-making factories, did cows eat grain? Hell no, even chickens didn't, so when a restaurant shouts about having fed its beef grain, don't be fooled. Cows are supposed to eat grass, in a pasture, and the ones that have will taste the best. Easy. They'll also be more expensive, of course, but suck it up, this is steak we're talking about.

HOW TO COOK IT

BLUE Sure, you're a man, we get it, and you're in touch with your caveman roots, but seriously touching a bit of meat on a grill and whipping it off again is not cooking.

RARE If it bleeds, you can kill it, or eat it. Some people swear this is the most tender way to treat a juicy steak, but most chefs agree it's lacking some subtlety.

MEDIUM RARE The sweet spot, the Goldilocks standard if you will, and just cooked enough but still a lovely, juicy red in the middle. Getting this right is what sets a good steak restaurant apart.

WELL DONE Fail. Go and chew a shoe. Good restaurants will refuse to serve your meat in this fashion, because they didn't age it 400 days just for you to turn it into charcoal.

1

2

3

4

5

6

WORDS : STEPHEN CORBY

AUSSIE SPIRIT(S)

SMALL, LOCAL DISTILLERIES ARE MAKING A SPLASH IN THE WORLD'S BARS

AUSTRALIANS are famous for their beer-drinking, or so we like to think. But, we're actually outside the top 10 now, and trailing proper hard-men countries like the Czech Republic (148 litres per capita) by a massive margin (we're at 83.1 litres, which is just a little embarrassing).

It's enough to drive you to hard liquor, frankly, and fortunately, while most of our big breweries have been sold off overseas, you can now get a good, manly tipple of proper spirits, made right here. And not just in Queensland.

1: FOUR PILLARS GIN

Perhaps it's thanks to rappers yapping about "gin 'n' juice", but gin, which dates back to the middle ages, is on a growth spurt in Australia. The number of people regularly drinking gin jumped by 50 percent between 2009 and 2013, with youngsters in particular getting on it – 91,000 18-to-24-year-olds drank gin every month in 2009, but it was up to 175,000 by last year.

Perhaps the people who came up with the idea for Four Pillars Gin, launched in 2013, saw those figures, but they're certainly cashing in on it.

Distilled in Victoria's Yarra Valley, Four Pillars is creating a Hendrick's-like sensation, winning double gold at the World Spirits competition in San Francisco this year, which must be twice as good as just winning gold.

It's a mighty fine tasting gin, too, with lots of fruity flavour. Try it with a slice of orange.

2: 666 PURE TASMANIAN VODKA

You've got to love a company that markets its product as "pure evil". That's the selling point of 666 Pure Tasmanian Vodka, which is made in one of the most pristine, untouched and thus quite boring places on Earth.

That could sound like a description of New Zealand, where so many premium vodkas are made these days, but the tricky Tasmanians have avoided any brand confusion by stamping their state's name on the bottle and choosing a name that no Kiwi would dare pronounce.

Tasmania does have some of the cleanest air on the planet, and the water from Cape Grim – where 666 is grown, harvested, distilled and bottled – is certified as the purest rain water on the globe. As it says on the cool, humorous 666 bottle, every drop is so pure it's almost a sin to take it and turn it into vodka. But they do anyway.

The 666 is named for the grumpy and ugly Tasmanian Devil and was awarded a gold medal at the World Spirit awards in 2010, the first Aussie vodka to achieve such a gong. It's superbly smooth and clean tasting, but you'll still mix tonic or soda with it.

3: INNER CIRCLE RUM

Queensland, rum and a strangely affable man-eating polar bear are inextricably linked in the Australian consciousness, so it should come as no surprise that the oldest distillery in the country, established in 1884, is in our deep north at Beenleigh.

COCKTAIL RECIPE

GIN FIZZ

YOU'LL NEED:
60ml gin
30ml lemon juice
20ml sugar syrup
120ml sparkling water
1 lemon wedge
Ice cubes

METHOD:
Throw the gin, lemon juice, syrup and ice into a cocktail shaker, throw your arms about grandly, pour into glass and add the sparkling water and the lemon wedge. Drink heartily.

BEER OF THE MONTH: 4PINES

They're proper purists over at 4Pines – you know the type, an eerie glow in their eyes when they talk about brewing and beer, even before they've had a drink.

Doing their work on site and by hand at the 4Pines brewpub in Manly, they follow the age-old German beer-purity laws, which insist that only four ingredients be used – hops, water, yeast and malt.

Their regular offerings of Kolsch, Pale Ale, Stout, Hefeweizen and Extra Special Bitter are strong on both flavour and alcohol, but you must check out their seasonal beers as well, with the Keller Door currently on sale an absolute tongue-treat.

What's made there is not the beloved Bundy, but something a bit more exclusive – Inner Circle. Brand manager Alice Hemming tells us the rum was first created in 1901 by the hot, thirsty board of directors at the CSR sugar company. "They were the original 'inner circle', and they were the only ones who got to enjoy it," Hemming explained.

Soon enough the showy execs were sending out bottles as thank-yous and gifts and word got out about how good it was, finally leaking onto public sale in the 1950s.

Inner Circle is a Jamaican-style rum, with sniffs of cinnamon and burnt sugar and a fruity, spicy flavour. Don't waste it by putting Coke in it.

4: SULLIVANS COVE WHISKY

Tasmania has proper Scottish weather, the kind that turns your skin translucent from being inside too much, so it should come as no surprise that it's turning into a whisky haven.

Earlier this year, a wee dram called Sullivans Cove French Oak Cask took out the ultimate accolade at the World Whisky Awards in London, being named the best single malt on the planet. These awards are normally dominated by the Scottish and Japanese distilleries, who were probably left wondering what a "Tasmania" is.

The distillery's Patrick Maguire says the award was huge for his little company, but the brand had been winning local and international awards for several years.

"Tasmania is now is becoming recognised as one of the better whisky-producing countries or areas, so it is a pretty major thing," Maguire says.

The brand has become so popular that it is having to limit overseas sales, to keep up with local demand. Australia takes around 90 percent of all Sullivans Cove sales, up from 40 percent four years ago.

The award-winning French Oak is a big, fat, chewy whisky full of toffee and molasses flavours. You could just about carve it.

Suitable, the Tasmanian state government has just announced a grant to set up a whisky trail in the Apple Isle. Look out, Scotland.

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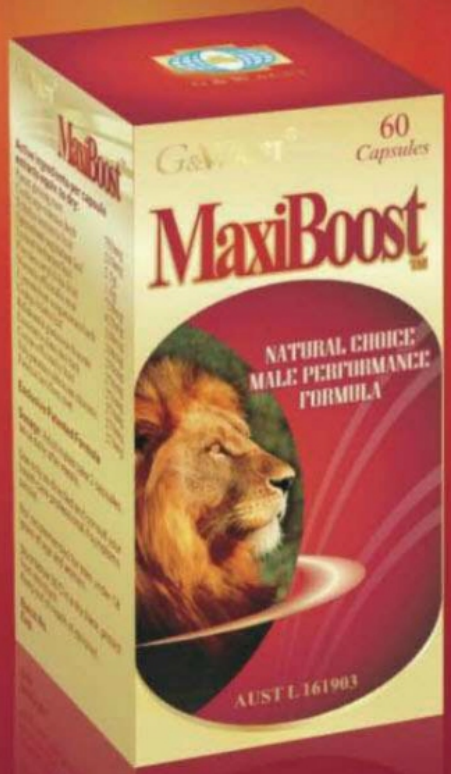

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WORDS : ALEX BOYD

THE HIGH-INTENSITY WORKOUT

SPENDING HALF YOUR GYM TIME CHATTING TO THE WATER COOLER? IT'S TIME TO START TRAINING SHORT, HARD AND FAST

IF YOUR goal is to burn fat, intervals better be part of your program. Besides being a quick method to getting in a great workout, intervals are extremely effective for transforming your physique. By incorporating intense periods of work with short recovery segments, intervals allow you to keep the workout intensity high while still maintaining form. The magic of high-intensity interval training (or HIIT for short) lies its ability to keep you burning fat even after you finish the session. In short, your body isn't able to bring in enough oxygen during periods of hard work. Therefore, you accumulate a "debt" of oxygen that must be repaid post-workout in order to get back to normal. The result is that your metabolism is revved for hours after you leave the gym. Trainers refer to this phenomena as excess post-exercise oxygen consumption or EPOC. The biggest way to use it to your advantage is to make short, intense exercise bouts a regular piece of your workout regimen.

Intense circuits also stimulate muscle-building hormones like growth hormone and IGF-1. This puts your body in a perfect state to build lean mass. Along side the hormone response, interval training also develops the cardiovascular system. By pushing your heart rate high during periods of work, you'll increase your cardio ability and strengthen your heart. During the short rest intervals, you also increase your recovery capabilities meaning you'll be able to recover faster in future workout sessions.

When creating interval workouts, focus on including difficult movements that challenge your entire body in a single exercise. Aim to include at least two exercises back to back before allowing your body to recover. Catch your breath in between rounds, but don't allow yourself to recover fully before attacking the next set.

To jumpstart your routine, we've compiled a list interval workouts from three top trainers. Pick one or two to incorporate in your weekly routine. Include at least a day of rest in between workouts as these intervals are intense.

ROUTINE ONE:

- 1-minute sprint; 90-second recovery
- 1-minute sprint at 3 percent incline; 90-second recovery
- 1-minute sprint at 6 percent incline; 90-second recovery
- 1-minute sprint at 9 percent incline; 90-second recovery
- 1-minute sprint at 12 percent incline 90-second recovery

ROUTINE TWO:

- Five-minute jogging warm-up
- Increase speed/intensity until heart rate reaches 85 percent of peak rate.
- Lower intensity to a jog/brisk walk until heart rate reaches 65 percent of peak heart rate
- Five-minute jogging cool-down

Continue these intervals for four to six rounds to start. As conditioning increases, set a time limit and attempt to achieve a certain goal of intervals by the end of this time.

- If you don't have a heart rate monitor, find your pulse and count for six seconds then multiply that number by 10 to estimate your heart rate.

ROUTINE THREE:

- 30 seconds of kettlebell swings (A)
- 30 seconds of right-arm kettlebell snatches (B)
- 30 seconds of right-arm kettlebell push-press (C)
- 30 seconds of right-arm overhead walking lunges with kettlebell (D)
- 30 second sprint (E)

Rest 90 seconds then repeat on left arm. Aim to complete two to three circuits on each arm.

MEN'S GALLERY

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LELA STARR

PHOTOGRAPHY: HICKS PHOTO

HEAVENLY BODY

SHE'S BURNED UP THE SCREEN SINCE 2006, BUT NOW, FOLLOWING HER ANNOUNCEMENT OF RETIREMENT, IT'S TIME FOR A FINAL, LONGING LOOK AT LUSCIOUS LELA

"I WAS born in June 1985 in Cape Coral, Florida, but I'm Miami-bred. I'm actually half-Cuban – if you look at my mom in my pics, she's white. "In high school, I guess you could say I was just one of those crazy (in a good way) girls who liked to party.

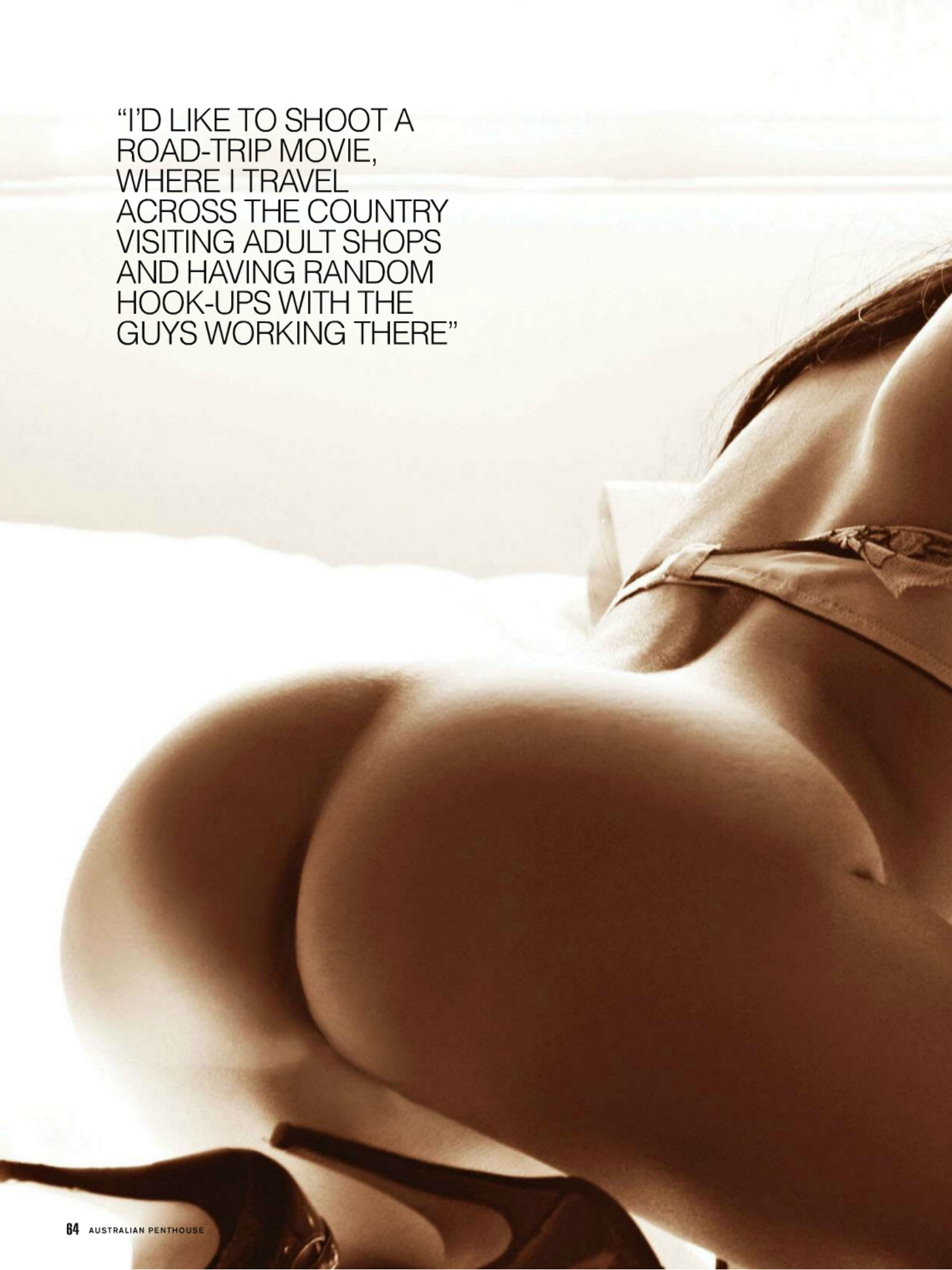
"When I was growing up as a kid, I don't really remember particularly wanting to do anything, but I definitely just put everything aside when I left because I got a job as a pornstar! When I'm asked what made me decide to become a pornstar my answer is simple: I loved sex, and I was comfortable with the camera. When I first had sex, I was just 13, in middle school, with an 18-year-old guy. Since then, there's not much I haven't done sexually, or at least I think I've done everything that I know of, unless you can come up with something new, in which case I'm ready to try it!

"Seriously, I moved to Los Angeles to pursue my career full-time, when I debuted in a *Barely Legal 18th Birthday*, a project produced by Hustler, and over the course of the next year, I appeared in nearly 40 projects. Since I got started in 2006, and signed as a contract girl for the major adult multimedia entertainment company ClubJenna in June, 2007, I now have over 100 films under my garter belt. In 2007, I won the Adam Film World Guide Award for Best Latin Starlet and was nominated for an AVN Award for Best New Starlet in 2008. I was also nominated for numerous awards including 'Best Group Sex Scene' from the AVN Awards in 2011.

"I'M VERY ORGASMIC, SO I COME IN PRETTY MUCH ALL MY SCENES, AND IN REAL LIFE"

"During sex, I try to just start off in command but then just roll with it after. In general, I like to do what I want; I really have fun, I'm very orgasmic, so I pretty much come in all my scenes, and in real life. I come more from penetration than anything else. So, what brings out my wild side? Well, one that definitely does it quickest is when I see a huge cock or a hot girl with her beautiful boobs.

"As for my tastes in men and how they present themselves, I don't really care how guys dress just as long as they have huge cocks, and don't look like hobos."



"I'D LIKE TO SHOOT A ROAD-TRIP MOVIE, WHERE I TRAVEL ACROSS THE COUNTRY VISITING ADULT SHOPS AND HAVING RANDOM HOOK-UPS WITH THE GUYS WORKING THERE"

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Kings Court Massage occupies a huge city building on the wide part of Parramatta Road known as the Broadway, just along from Central railway station. Similar to New York the buildings were once used as warehouses and the horse and carts parked on the Broadway. Kings Court is also from another era! It is the last remaining real massage and bathhouse where the masseuses are not mixed in with full service ladies.

It really is a massage and hand job place with sweet girls. They are nice friendly girl-next-door young ladies. It is common for customers to loose track of time so be careful as a whole evening can slip away while you have coffee and make your choice of lady in the large lounge area and then go through for your massage.

The most usual massage booking is a fifteen minute spa with a naked lady and bubbly followed by a one hour massage in one of our private spa rooms downstairs; the time usually works out to be an hour and twenty five as it includes some free time for showers. Guys in groups will get naked with the girls in one of the party spas upstairs.

There is a fair queuing system as ladies become available during busy times. You are welcome to play pool while waiting to make your choice in the club area. There is a discount of 20% before 12 noon daily. Expect to need between $145 and $245 and if you arrive after 9pm there is a $20 cover fee.

It is best to be in before 1 am except on Fridays when we are open all night. So for a massage place that your uncle sneaked away to back when it was illegal, check out Kings Court Massage on Broadway. 02 9660 0666

YOU'RE KIDDING

GOT ONE TO SHARE? | EMAIL: PENTHOUSE@AUSTRALIANPENTHOUSE.COM.AU

SAME OLD GAME

After Nigeria was eliminated from the World Cup, the Nigerian captain offered to personally refund all the expenses of fans who had travelled to Brazil. He said he just needed their bank details and PIN numbers and he'd be right onto it.

STOP JERKIN' OFF

A guy goes to the doctor for a routine physical. The doctor tells the guy, "Well for one thing, you've got to stop masturbating." Guy says, "Why?" Doctor says, "Because I'm trying to give you a physical!"

TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE

There are two types of people in the world. Those who can extrapolate from incomplete data…

IN THE RING

My wife, being unhappy with my mood swings, bought me one of those mood rings so she could monitor my mood. We discovered that when I am in a good mood it turns green, and when I am in a bad mood, it leaves a big red mark on her forehead.

CROAKIN'

A guy walks into a bar and asks the bartender if he can show him something unbelievable, will he get a free beer?

The bartender says ok, so the man puts a hamster and two frogs on the bar and all of a sudden the two frogs jump up and start into a Broadway medley.

"Well," a man at the end of the bar says, "That's amazing, I'll give you $1000 for the frogs." The owner agrees and the guy takes off with the frogs.

The bartender says to him, "You're mad, you could have gotten heaps more for the frogs!"

The owner replies, "Frogs are easy to come by, but the hamster's a frigging ventriloquist."

A PENGUIN AND A TRUCK

A penguin is driving down the road in his truck when it starts to splutter, so he pulls into a town and finds a mechanic's shop.

The mechanic says, "Well Mr Penguin, you should go into town and get something to eat while I see what is wrong with your truck here."

"Great idea!" says Mr Penguin, "I'm famished."

So, the penguin starts walking, well, waddling down town, and he sees an ice-cream shop. Everyone knows that penguins love ice-cream, so he orders an ice-cream cone. He starts to eat it, but gets it all over his beak and face, and because he is a penguin, he can't wipe it off.

He starts to waddle back to the mechanic's shop. The mechanic, who is just finishing up, rolls out from under the truck and says to the penguin, "Well, Mr Penguin, it looks like you just blew a seal."

The penguin shrugs and replies, "Nah, that's just a bit of ice cream."

NATURE'S WONDERS

A family is driving behind a rubbish truck when a large dildo flies off the truck and hits the windscreen.

To hide her embarrassment, the mother driving the car turns and says to her young kids, "My, what a big insect," to which her seven-year-old says, "I'm surprised it could fly with a dick that size."

COMMUNICATION MATTERS

Two aerials meet on a roof, fall in love and get married. The ceremony was rubbish, but the reception was brilliant.

FORBIDDING FRUIT

Three guys are trapped on an island with cannibals. The cannibals tell them that if they want to survive, they must each find ten of the same fruit and return to the cannibals to receive their next instruction.

The first man returns with ten apples. The cannibals tell him he must shove all ten of them up his butt, and if he can do it without changing his facial expression, they won't eat him. After about eight apples, the man's face becomes strained, and the cannibals eat him.

The second man returns with ten berries and is given the same instruction. Upon inserting the tenth berry with no struggle, the man bursts out laughing, so the cannibals eat him.

Up in heaven, the first man is incredulous.

"You were so close to living, how could you just laugh and throw it all away?!"

"The other guy brought back pineapples."

ACT OF PIRACY

Two pirates, each with an eye patch, were standing on the pier. One asked the other, "How did ye lose yer eye?"

"Well, I were walking down this very pier, and along came a seagull and crapped on me face!"

"Really? And that cost ye an eye?"

"Arr, that were the day I got me hook."

BIG PHARMA'S ILL WIND

THE METHODS AND MANIPULATIONS OF THE GIANT DRUG COMPANIES ARE ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU SICK

IT STARTED with a phone call from pharmaceutical fact-checkers, the Cochrane Collaboration. The Cochrane Collaboration, based at Oxford University, wanted Bond University's Professor Chris Del Mar to lead an investigation into a medicine bought by the Australian government.

It was 2009, and the Australian taxpayer had just paid $192 million to stockpile the antiviral flu medication Tamiflu (Oseltamivir), made by Roche, and also made by GlaxoSmithKline as Relenza. There were scientific concerns that the medication – alleged to cure swine flu – had not been fully tested.

"Public health largely relies on evidence-based medicine," Del Mar, formerly an academic at Oxford, told *Penthouse*. "Governments and individuals spend billions of dollars a year on medicines, but the system only works if the drugs are effective and safe. The Cochrane Collaboration reviews the supporting evidence for these drugs."

De Mar assembled his team of Cochrane reviewers and set to work on a simple question: does Tamiflu work?

"We collated the research on Tamiflu with the intention of doing a meta-analysis on all the trial data, and testing the data against the drug-maker's claims," says De Mar.

As Del Mar's team investigated Tamiflu, they discovered a problem. "Less than half of the data from the trials was available," he says. "We couldn't do a meta-analysis because so much of the evidence was missing. The alarms were going off. We worried that the claims about this drug may have been distorted."

When the team back-tracked to see how the drug could have got past the regulators in Europe, the United States and Australia, they found a Swiss academic who had the data but wouldn't release it. After wrangling with Roche – which claimed the data was 'commercial in confidence' – the Cochrane team finally got its hands on all of the data and came to a startling conclusion.

"We concluded that it doesn't work," says Chis Del Mar. "Does it stop pneumonia? No it does not. Does it stop you being admitted to hospital? No it does not. It slows the symptoms of flu-like illness by about half a day – that's it."

In other words, the anti-flu drug that the Australian tax payer had spent over $192 million on, did not work; it was sold under inaccurate claims based on incomplete data, half of which was withheld from those charged with testing and reviewing it. The question is left hanging: if the government, with all its experts and scientists, is so easily hoodwinked, what chance does a normal consumer have against the might of the big pharmaceutical companies?

The ongoing problems with the 11 drug companies they call Big Pharma* have become a mixed blessing for modern governments and their economies. Relied upon to provide the medicines, medical equipment, implants and prosthetics that first-world citizens expect, Big Pharma is also a group of publicly-listed companies that answer to shareholders. Big Pharma may operate in one of the most heavily-regulated markets on Earth, but it owes nothing to consumers or governments; and while Big Pharma has given us readily available insulin, penicillin and aspirin, it has often abused its position of power and influence to further its profits. In 2012, the 11 corporations of Big Pharma earned combined profits of US$85 billion, with an average profit margin of over 70 percent on their revenues, making it one of the most profitable (legal) businesses on the planet. Creating these profits requires many questionable techniques. Goading governments into buying Tamiflu was just one of the more obvious and outrageous acts (the same fiddle cost the US government around US$1.3 billion and the UK government US$703 million).

In Australia, the relationship between Big Pharma, consumers and government is massive: in 2012, the federal government spent $18.8 billion on medications; individuals spent another $8 billion on medications that were not covered by the Pharmaceutical Benefits Scheme (PBS).

And while government spending on public hospital services ($42 billion) and medical services ($23.9 billion) are greater than their spending on medications, it's in medications where Big Pharma gets to exploit patients' fears and emotions, which is why Big Pharma focuses so hard on having healthcare professionals on their side, and why so much effort is put into pushing 'miracle drug' stories on the evening news shows.

Before Christmas, Medicines Australia – the professional group representing pharmaceutical manufacturers – is likely to change its voluntary code of conduct, to include a register of payments made by pharma companies to healthcare professionals. At the time of writing, Medicines Australia had a draft transparency code but the member companies had not agreed on all points.

Making financial inducements to doctors is big business. In 2012 alone, Big Pharma's global advertising and marketing spend was US$3.5 billion. The marketing budget involves a massive advertising spend, although only the US and New Zealand in the OECD nations allows prescription medications to be advertised directly to consumers; and also a large budget for 'packaging' miracle drug stories so that TV producers have simplified research packs and pre-recorded footage of patients and their 'journey'. The rest of the US$3.5 billion is spent on influencing healthcare professionals: sending doctors and other professionals to conferences and symposia, paying them to give speeches, getting doctors to consult about drugs, and sending money to medical organisations such as research bodies and projects within university science faculties.

There are no definitive registers on how much Big Pharma pays healthcare professionals in Australia, but one company – GlaxoSmithKline Australia, maker of Panadol and Ventolin – has been voluntarily reporting on its payments since 2010. In 2013, its total payments were $2.4 million.

GSK Australia communications director, Lisa Maguire, says the pharma company decided to disclose its payments to healthcare professionals on its websites, as a 'myth-busting' exercise.

"From our point of view, the industry would be more trusted and the issues understood, if everything was in the open," says Maguire. "We also disclose our clinical trial data on a global register at GSK.com."

In the United States, the Physician Payments Sunshine Act – which went into effect in August, 2013

BELOW: Tamiflu, the dud anti-flu medication that Roche duped us, the taxpayer, into spending $192m on

BIG PHARMA OPERATES AS ONE OF THE MOST PROFITABLE LEGAL BUSINESSES ON THE PLANET

BIG PHARMA INC.

COMPANY	2013 GLOBAL REVENUES ($US)
Johnson & Johnson	71.3 billion
Novartis	57.9 billion
Roche	52.3 billion
Pfizer	51.5 billion
Sanofi	45.0 billion
GlaxoSmithKline	44.1 billion
Merck	44.0 billion
Bayer HealthCare	25.9 billion
AstraZeneca	25.7 billion
Eli Lilly	23.1 billion
AbbVie	18.7 billion

– means drug and equipment makers must disclose their payments to named doctors, dentists, psychiatrists and research organisations. Between January 2009 and December 2012, Eli Lilly paid US$698.8 million to doctors and researchers, Pfizer paid $583.5 million, GlaxoSmithKline $326.3 million and Merck $282.7 million. It's because of this disclosure law that, for instance, AstraZeneca devotes a subsection of its US site to payments. We can see that Dr Martin Drooker from New York was paid $46,000 for promotional speaking services, and Dr Samuel Etchie of San Diego was paid $29,050 for promotional speaking in 2010.

Many payments require that the doctor talk about the experience of prescribing the company's drugs. This is called 'consultancy'.

"I used to do consultancies when I was starting out," one Australian doctor told *Penthouse*. "A group of four of us would have lunch every couple of months. This attractive woman from the company would go down a list of questions about the drugs we were prescribing – it was all tick-the-box stuff. We'd take turns making our responses, then we'd have lunch. The real carrot was the annual conference. One year it was the Maldives – another company sent us to Hawaii. It was very social and all expenses paid."

From Big Pharma's perspective, these payments are a branding exercise rather than inducements to prescribe.

A now-retired psychiatrist spoke to *Penthouse*: "I remember one conference at the Hyatt Regency Coolum. This was late 1990s – there were good speakers and some professional development courses we could do while we were there.

"The thing I remember about that conference was the huge Zoloft flags and banners. Everything in our hospitality bags was about Zoloft. I can even remember the slogan: 'Rolling back the Clouds of Depression'.

"Pfizer wasn't paying me to prescribe Zoloft, they just wanted me to think about Zoloft rather than Prozac or Paxil. Here I am 15 years later, and all I remember about that conference is Zoloft."

GSK Australia's disclosures on paying for doctors to attend conferences is revealing. In 2012, GSK paid $799,289 in grants for "attendance at domestic and international conferences and symposia," and made healthcare professional payments of more than $2.5 million in that year. When this is extrapolated over 10 – 15 large pharma companies vying for doctors' affinity, the total amount being spent on gaining access to Australian healthcare professionals would be around $30 million per year.

And does it work? Two years ago in *The Australian*, former pharma saleswoman Petra Helesic told the

WHEN SPONSORED RESEARCH FAILS TO DELIVER THE DESIRED RESULT, TRIAL DATA SIMPLY GOES MISSING

ABOVE: Anti-depressant Zoloft copped a massive, ethically suspect push by Pfizer to induce doctors to prescribe it

newspaper that doctors were paid as much as $10,000 a year in speakers' fees and had their travel and accommodation paid for when they attended overseas conferences. Ms Helesic said she'd "never had a key opinion leader come back from an international conference and say I will not back up your drug".

While Big Pharma spends enormous sums on doctors, dentists and psychiatrists, there are other tricks used to influence the sales of its products. There's the 'expiry date' technique, for over-the-counter drugs. A class-action lawsuit in the United States alleges that Pfizer, Bayer, and Johnson & Johnson used "unconscionable, unfair, deceptive, unethical and illegal" methods to convince consumers that its drugs were useless after the expiration dates: one study found that 88 percent of the medications tested were still good at least one year after the expiry date, and some were effective more than a decade after the expiry date.

Big Pharma also influences research teams to produce drugs to order. Of the $100 billion spent on biomedical research in the United States in 2012, Big Pharma contributed 67 percent.

Once the drugs enter the evaluation stage, Big Pharma influences university departments, research organisations and clinical trials companies with grants, fellowships and scholarships. An examination of the United States register of pharma payments to healthcare professionals (at prorepublica.org) shows the largest payments are to research organisations. This gives a new drug an aura of respectability when reported in the media, and a good reputation among doctors. When the sponsored research organisations can't make a silk purse out of what they are testing, crucial trial data simply goes missing. The Cochrane Collaboration's debunking of Tamiflu illustrates how easily this happens, largely because Big Pharma controls the teams doing the testing: poor drugs can be made to look good by comparing them with a placebo; they can be incorrectly compared to a competitor's medication; they can be paired with a drug already known to work well; a trial can be shortened before any bad results surface and the test groups can be made too small to provide valid evidence. Unsuccessful trial data can be mined to find a small subset that suggests success, and Big Pharma regularly commissions 50 studies and produces data from only two of them – the ones that suggest success.

Big Pharma then uses 'ghostwriters' on the peer-reviewed reports on their new drugs. This entails a well-respected academic allowing their name to be put on a document written by someone from Big Pharma. Once the article is written, Big Pharma will use its network of editors and publishers – and its considerable influence gained through advertising spending – to ensure the product review has prominence in a reputable publication. Big Pharma has used ghostwriting to promote Paxil, Zoloft, Neurontin and Vioxx.

GOVERNMENT IN ITS POCKET

Big Pharma also lobbies governments to include its products on its lists of taxpayer-subsidised medications, which in Australia is worth $18 billion a year. In the United States – where healthcare spending per person is double the rate in Australia – Big Pharma is highly focused on having the government on its side. Big

IN THE US, PFIZER WAS ACCUSED OF DEFRAUDING THE MEDICAID PROGRAM, AND PAID A $2.3b SETTLEMENT

Pharma's trade group, PhRMA (the Pharmaceutical Research and Manufacturers of America) hires former government workers to give it regulatory traction, especially with the Food & Drug Administration (FDA), which regulates drugs. PhRMA's current or former staff members include 36 who worked for a member of Congress, 13 who worked for a federal agency, 12 who worked for a congressional committee and two who worked for the White House. Between 2008 and 2013, Big Pharma spent US$2.7 billion on more than 1100 lobbyists, mostly in the United States.

Australian politics is not immune: in 2001, then Federal Health Minister Michael Wooldridge attracted the ire of the media when he appointed a former pharmaceuticals industry lobbyist, Pat Clear, to the head of the Pharmaceutical Benefits Advisory Committee (PBAC), an expert committee that is supposed to advise on which drugs are put on the Pharmaceutical Benefits Scheme.

Having influence is crucial in this industry. GlaxoSmithKline Australia paid out $890,574 in "Consultancy fees" in 2012 in relation to, among other things, "work on clinical development advisory boards."

One of the problems facing Big Pharma is that it has to keep injecting capital into its research and development 'pipeline' to ensure there are always new drugs to take to market. It's not cheap: Johnson & Johnson spent US$3.86 billion in capital expenditure in the 2013 financial year, from net income of US$13.83 billion. In the same year, Merck spent US$7.1 billion on R&D. However, R&D pales in comparison to what they spend on sales: one estimate is that for every $1 spent on basic research, Big Pharma spends $19 on promotions and advertising. It's relentless: in the United States there is one pharmaceutical sales representative for every five office-based physicians.

In many respects, Big Pharma is like a venture capitalist, investing in thousands of projects in the hope that one or two become the Viagra or Prozac of their decade. These companies have to spend millions having their drugs tested and then shepherd them through the regulatory barriers of each territory before they can be pushed to doctors and psychiatrists. In Australia, for instance, pharma companies have to pay $119,000 to have a single decision by the PBAC reviewed.

Australia has one of the world's best governments in controlling the costs of pharma products. The Pharmaceutical Benefits Scheme paid out $9.5 billion for drugs in 2013, the same as its bill in 2011. This brake on drug spending as the rest of the health budget blows out is largely because the PBS not only has an Advisory Council (PBAC) that advises on which drugs are worthy of being funded by the taxpayer, but it also has a Pricing Authority (PBPA) which negotiates what prices Big Pharma is paid for its drugs. The Australian approach is not as drastic as India's government, which two years ago cleared the way for local companies to copy Big Pharma cancer drugs and sell them at a fraction of the imports' costs. South Africa is now headed on the same path – a path that essentially strips Big Pharma of its all-important patent protection.

It's an impressive performance by the Australian government when you consider what's happening in the United States. In 2009, Pfizer was accused of telling doctors that certain drugs could be used for unapproved uses, and defrauding the Medicaid program. Pfizer agreed to a US$2.3 billion settlement and a five-year integrity agreement with the Department of Health and Human Services.

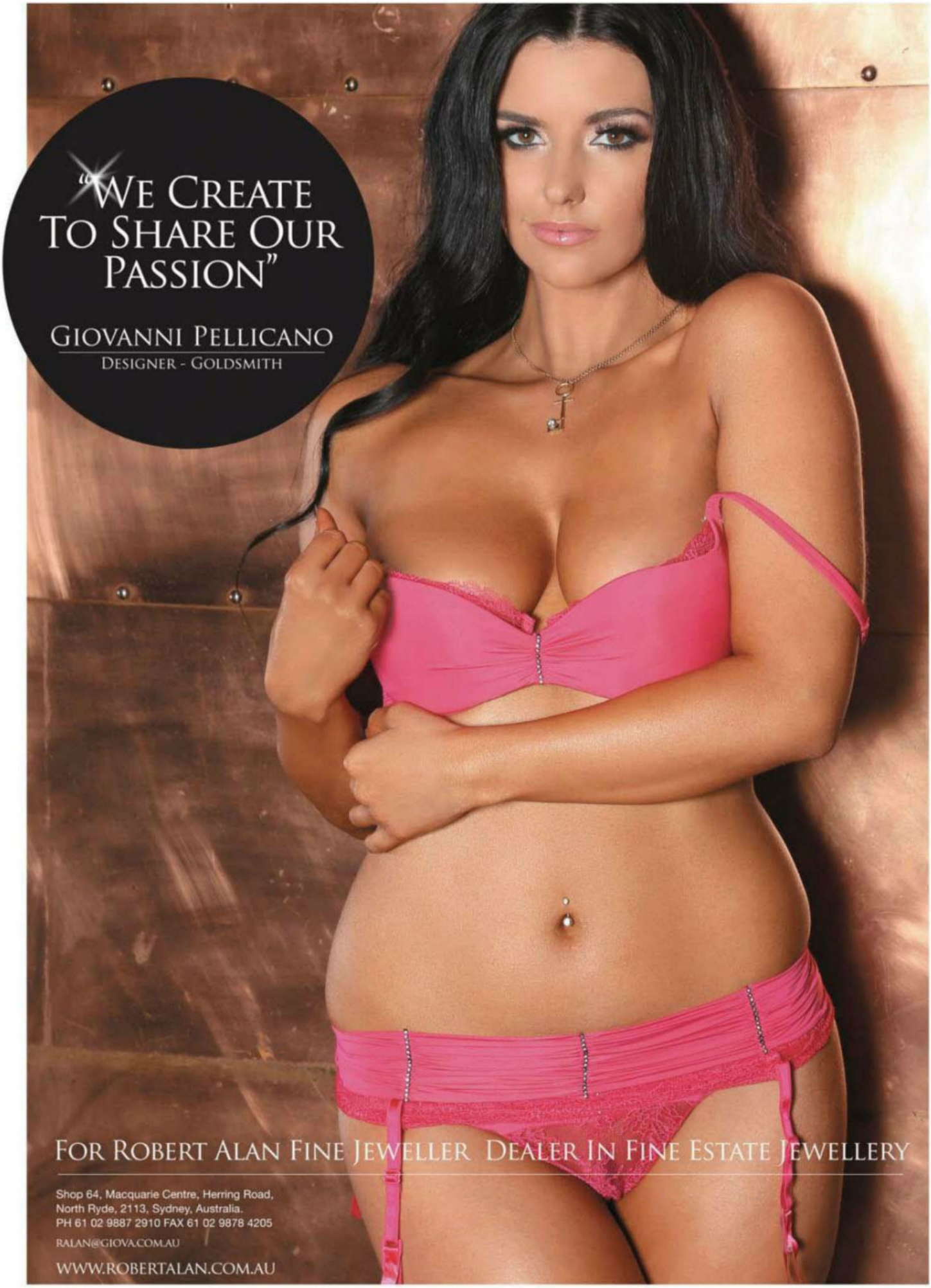
ABOVE: Diabetes medications from giants GSK and BMS have been linked to heart attacks and cancer

For all Big Pharma's benefits in health and longevity, and all its wealth and reach, they also get it terribly wrong. Pfizer has been sued because its antidepressants Effexor and Zoloft allegedly led to birth defects when taken during pregnancy. In 2012, GSK paid fines of US$3 billion in a federal case over withholding of data concerning Paxil and Wellbutrin. Eli Lilly's antidepressant Prozac, is subject to lawsuit claims that it can lead to suicidal thoughts, and birth defects if used during pregnancy. Boehringer's blood-thinner, Pradaxa, is alleged to have caused 500 deaths among users over a two-year period.

GSK has settled an estimated 50,000 lawsuits over its Avandia diabetes drug after the FDA estimated that the drug is responsible for 100,000 heart attacks. Merck has paid out more than a billion US dollars, because its Vioxx painkiller was causing cardiac side effects. Merck also faces litigation for Fosamax, Januvia, NuvaRing and Propecia, because of side effects.

Bayer's birth control pills, Yaz and Yasmin and its IUDs Mirena and Skyla, have been linked to life-threatening side effects. The birth control pills created blood clotting problems and the IUDs were alleged to migrate and cause ectopic pregnancies. Bayer has spent an estimated US$1 billion settling 4800 Yaz lawsuits and has reserved $1.5 billion for settlements. Bristol-Myers Squibb (BMS) faces litigation over its diabetes products, Byetta and Bydureon, which have been linked to pancreatitis and pancreatic cancer.

The importance of Big Pharma in our healthcare, wellbeing and longevity, is a forgone conclusion. Its reach over science, development, marketing and doctor-patient relations was cemented decades ago and will never be undone. What is possible is that medical science can enforce its own standards and ethics and ensure that the drugs we rely on are evidence-based medicines. As Professor Chris Del Mar says in relation to his investigation of Tamiflu: "If you want science, you have to follow the rules. Lawyers, public relations and stock prices are not science."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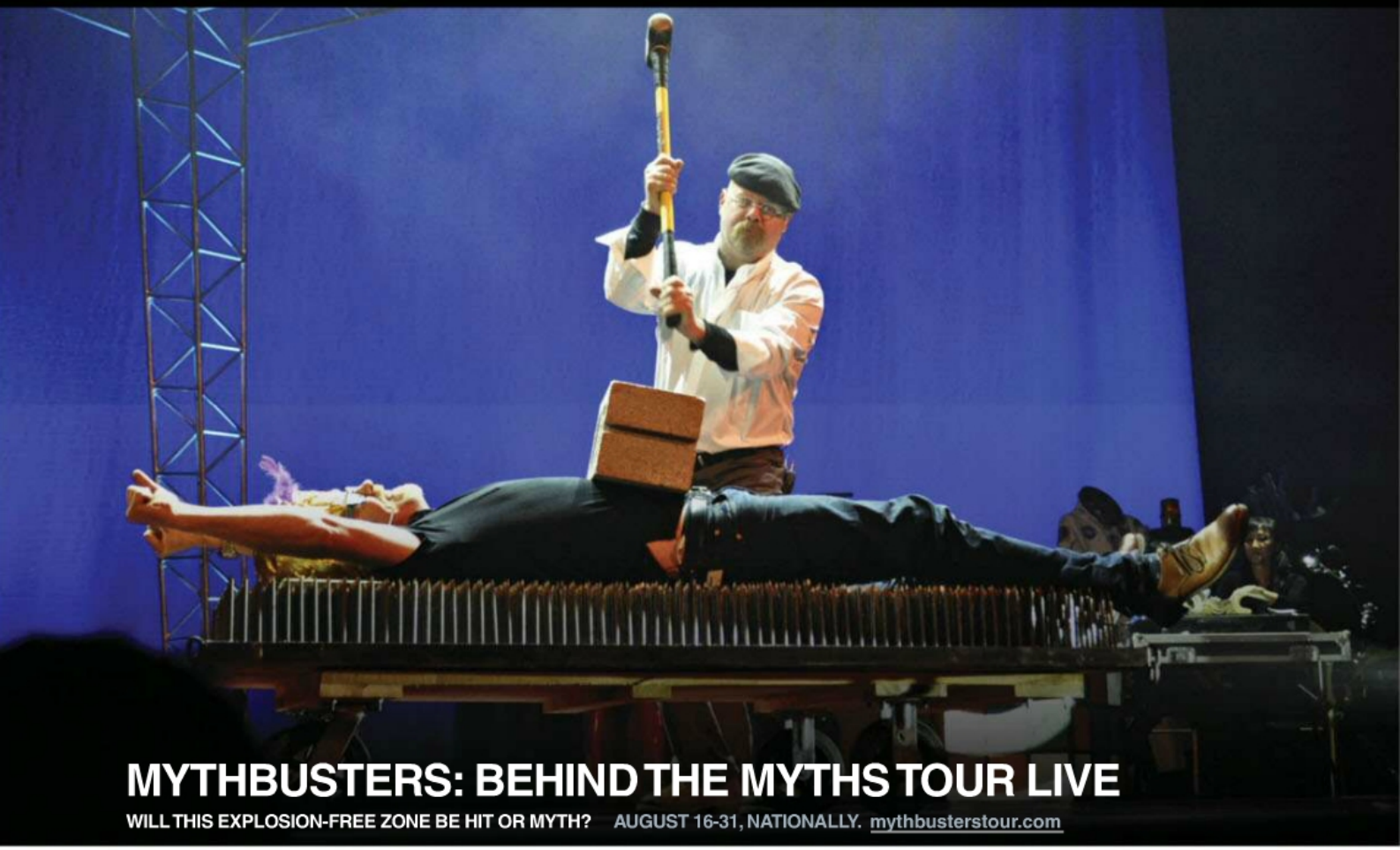
REVIEWS

79 || EVENTS
81 || FILM
83 || MUSIC
85 || TECHNOLOGY / APPS
87 || GAMING
89 || BOOKS



MYTHBUSTERS: BEHIND THE MYTHS TOUR LIVE

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STRANGE times we live in, where small-screen ratings winners have collectively decided that the TV is not enough, and that creativity compels them to adapt their madcap hi-jinks to a "live extravaganza!"

MasterChef has one. So does *Top Gear*, *Antiques Roadshow*, and *The Goodies*; TV chef Heston Blumenthal has a live stage show; so does Bear Grylls (A Wild Night with Bear Grylls Live On Stage!) but the recipe advice is better. Stage shows are tremendous cash cows, and so the footlights call, no matter how unsuited the source show. Few series could be less adaptable than *Deadliest Catch*, a show about hairy Alaskan crab fishermen swearing at rookies during storms, and yet: *Deadliest Catch – The Captain's Tour* charged $120 a ticket.

And so, inevitably, comes *MythBusters – Behind the Myths*. To be fair, *MythBusters*, the doco-style TV vehicle, with Adam Savage (goateed ginger) and Jamie Hyneman (bereted man walrus), is not unsuited to auditoriums. Even if the 11-year-old show ran out of proper myths (was the moon landing faked? Could a ninja pluck an arrow from the air?) a decade ago, and now 'solve' things like 'Can women reverse park?' or 'Is the moon a thing?'

What *MythBusters* is mostly about, though, is blowing things up, and that produces many challenges for a live gig. Firstly, they can't blow things up, because of 'safety'. Second, they can't do big-production-value myths, because the show has to be fast-paced, predictably timed, G-rated, endlessly repeatable and audience interactive. Meaning zero explosions and many oversized comedy-style props.

Like all TV show adaptations, *MythBusters Live* – at least on earlier, foreign versions – was seemingly envisioned to exploit fans, then produced to placate them. What will be entertaining enough to both kids and anoraks that they'll watch the set pieces and wallow in Savage and Hyneman's anecdotes without kicking off? Charlie Sheen fans paid $75 a ticket to his *Torpedo Of Truth: Defeat Is Not An Option!* live show but bailed, angrily chanting 'Refund!', inside 15 minutes.

Pop-culture to stage shows aren't new. They predate TV. In 1866, Mark Twain spun a series of newspaper travel yarns about Hawaii into a lecture tour. It made his name – and made a fortune. According to reviews, at the end of each show, Twain "jokingly apologised to the audience for inflicting his lecture upon them, explaining that he needed the money."

Stage adaptations don't just chase the dollar? That myth's been busted for 150 years.

– Ben Smithurst

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PALO ALTO

DIRECTOR: GIA COPPOLA
TRIBECA FILM

Palo Alto depicts high schoolers in adolescent confusion, fumbling toward adulthood in this affluent California suburb at the heart of Silicon Valley.

Sensitive April (Emma Roberts) is a class virgin, heart-torn between a flirtation with her creepy soccer coach (James Franco) and an unrequited love for her high-school contemporary Teddy (Jack Kilmer), but they can seemingly barely talk to each other, much less hook up.

As one Palo Alto high school party melds with the next, fuelled by alcohol, drugs and sex, April and Teddy struggle to admit their mutual affection.

Coppola captures first love's ephemerality through their broken sentences and half-glances, all stylishly brought to the screen, yet *Palo Alto* still feels a bit light on substance. **– GL**

BEGIN AGAIN

DIRECTOR: JOHN CARNEY
WEINSTEIN COMPANY

Gretta (Keira Knightley) and long-time boyfriend Dave (Adam Levine) are college sweethearts and songwriting partners who move to New York when Dave lands a deal with a major label.

But fame tempts Dave to stray, leaving Gretta heartbroken until record producer Dan (Mark Ruffalo) finds her performing on an East Village stage and becomes captivated by her talent. Dan's own career is nosediving after his partner Saul (Mos Def) ejects him from his own company.

The lyrics Greta carves out of a broken love affair speak to Dan's own crisis as he produces her song in his head.

Celebrities seemingly randomly thrown together, Ruffalo and Knightley perform subtle magic and come out on top, principally because director Carney doesn't overplay his hand. **– GL**

FELONY

DIRECTOR: MATTHEW SAVILLE **STARRING:** JOEL EDGERTON, JAI COURTNEY, TOM WILKINSON, MELISSA GEORGE, SARAH ROBERTS GRAVITAS THEATRICAL

A WEB of lies, suspicion and cover-ups concerning three Sydney policemen is the centrepiece of *Felony*, a tension-packed and stylish psychological thriller from Australian director Matthew Saville.

Starring and written by Joel Edgerton, he appears as Mal, a Sydney drug-squad cop who takes a bullet in a raid on a drug lab.

Instead of causing serious injury, the slug lodges in his bulletproof vest. After drinking with colleagues to celebrate his participation and survival in the exploit, Mal is driving home late at night when he accidently knocks a boy off a bike with his rear-view mirror.

The expectation might be that he'll drive off, but he phones for an ambulance, then denies all involvement in the incident.

Straitlaced younger officer Jim (Courtney) and superior, Carl (Wilkinson), arrive at the scene. Carl recognises Mal and takes charge, getting Jim to secure the perimeter of the crash scene while he questions Mal privately and sends him home.

When Jim decides not enough has been done to investigate Mal and that, for starters, he should be exposed to a full forensic study, he becomes suspicious. Thus begins the drama.

Over the ensuing days, as the boy remains in a coma, Mal's guilt drives him closer to confession, and unable to dispel the incident from his mind, he begins to feel his culpability is compromising the integrity of his police work.

Carl's willingness to brush the event under the carpet is not the final word on the affair and the limits of his authority are soon exposed, and Jim begins to express his doubts more strongly to him.

Now embedded in the cover-up, Carl grows more desperate in secret meetings with both men, the trio of cops finding themselves increasingly enveloped in an intense, fraught and suffocating personal drama. **– GL**

LOCKE

DIRECTOR: STEVEN KNIGHT
STARS: TOM HARDY, OLIVIA COLMAN, RUTH WILSON
MADMAN ENTERTAINMENT

Steven Knight's film starts with Locke (Hardy) leaving work on a Birmingham, UK, building site on an otherwise ordinary night when, instead of turning left to go home, he turns right.

His wife and two sons expect him home to watch a soccer match, but Locke tells them he won't be back in time.

As an architectural foreman, he also who won't be at work the next day, as he's running out not just on his family, but on the biggest job of his life, overseeing a the pouring of concrete on which the structural dependability of a high-rise tower rides.

Locke once slept with a woman named Bethan who he hardly knows, but he is going

to drive to London, where their baby is due.

We only ever see a man in a car making that journey, and hear voices over the phone, but despite its minimalism, Tom Hardy masterfully carries this taut and engrossing one-man show. It's a bold, evocative film that constructs a detailed picture of a man's life with the economy of a great radio play. **– GL**

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PENTHOUSE PLAYLIST
What's on rotation in the office this month:

AIN'T MESSING AROUND
GARY CLARKE JNR
Cool bluesman has the axe on fire and the horns blazing

SHUT IN
STRAND OF OAKES
Most hopeful and compelling track off a dark but great album

HER FAVOURITE SONG
MAYER HAWTHORNE
Neo soulster drops a smooth slice of late-night-lounge bliss

GIMME SOMETHING GOOD
RYAN ADAMS
Takes a page from the Tom Petty school of hook-laden rock

SO NOW WHAT
THE SHINS
Dreamy, floaty soundtrack song for *Wish I Was Here* film

HEART IS A DRUM
BECK
Supremely mellow, almost delicate aural de-stressing agent

JACK WHITE
LAZARETTO THIRD MAN RECORDS

THE Willy Wonka of rock, Jack White, crams his musical output with tricks and riddles that make him that rarity, a consistently surprising and arresting artist.

Like Prince, the former White Stripes frontman transgresses genres, pulling in unexpected directions across rock, funk, country, folk and blues, sometimes even within the same song, garnishing tracks with idiosyncratic production flourishes.

This form is repeated with *Lazaretto*, a second solo album every bit as eccentric and individual as his 2012 solo debut, *Blunderbuss*.

Brazen, unrepentant self-belief fires this album, named after the type of isolation hospital that quarantines people with serious infectious diseases, such as leprosy or plague.

"They threw me down in a lazaretto/Born rotten, bored rotten," White declares on the opener, a pounding funk ending in a fiddle solo.

He claims the songs have been adapted from plays and short stories he wrote aged 19, but its first track is a raucous adaptation of 'Three Women Blues', a 1928 Blind Willie McTell song in which a muddled White has "three women – red, blonde and brunette" and can't pick one.

The thunderous 'High Ball Stepper' forgoes a lyric to deliver a searing slab of hard rock, but it's an anomaly as the album lacks most of the huge riffs White once cranked out for the Stripes.

Diehard Jack White fans will surely declare *Lazaretto* a winner. Certainly, it contains moments funkier than any album named after a hospital for lepers has a right to. **– GL**

KASABIAN
48:13
SONY

Billy Bragg didn't hold back when blabbing about Kasabian and *48:13*. He compared the English electro-rock band to fictional supergroup Spinal Tap, as in it's little more than a parody act. He savaged them for using its run time as its title, saying, "cos they hadn't bothered to think up any fucking titles, so they just put the time on and [member] Serge [Pizzorno] said, 'that's genius'."

Other critics haven't been so kind, either, on the back of its pumped-up proclamations of its musical genius. But this is still Kasabian after all; a band renowned for its performances that brought us 2009's brilliant *West Ryder Pauper Lunatic Asylum*. There are highlights among *48:13*'s largely experimental line-up that make it worthy of a spin, but it doesn't quite reach the heights or match the power of *Asylum*. **– NR**

ROYAL BLOOD
ROYAL BLOOD
BLACK MAMMOTH

UK hard-rock chronicle *Kerrang*! describes Royal Blood as sounding "like The White Stripes ram-raiding Led Zeppelin's back catalogue."

Indeed, as the band's full-on attack comes from just two men, singer and bass player Mike Kerr and drummer Ben Thatcher, recurring comparisons with the Stripes are of little surprise.

The Blood's groove is a fierce, primal riff-driven heavy, blues/garage thing, and for an outfit which didn't even exist two years ago, its march has been relentlessly upwards.

Both of the band's singles, 'Little Monster' and 'Come On Over' feature here, with detail and rhythm tracing their lineage.

There may be little subtlety to the Blood's work, but there isn't meant to be. But on the basis of this debut, there's substance aplenty and much to look forward to. **– GL**

MASTODON
ONCE MORE 'ROUND THE SUN
WARNER BROTHERS

Over a very long time now, Atlanta's Mastodon has been very loudly getting on with the business of being the planet's most inspired alternative metal unit.

Likely the metal-oriented band least likely to experience a bad review in the rock media, now *Once More Round the Sun* sounds very much the album it needed to nudge its appeal towards broader appreciation.

These mutable metal warriors' sixth headbanging album has certainly lifted their game over lean hard-rock beating of 2011's *The Hunter* and its overarching narratives of goblins fighting their way up mountaintops.

The title song and the single 'High Road' may indeed be classics-in-waiting, but if there is a problem with this collection, it's that it rarely conjures anything we haven't already rejoiced at. **– GL**

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CLOAK
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SPOTIFY
PRICE: Free/ $11.99 per month
PLATFORMS: Mac, Windows, iOS, Android, WinPhone
Want to hear the latest Beyonce single or an obscure country song from 1976? You'll be able to find and play it with Spotify. This music service offers a massive library of titles to choose from, and to download your custom playlists for listening offline.

WHATSAPP
PRICE: First year free, then $US0.99 per year
PLATFORMS: iOS, Android, Blackberry, Nokia S40, Windows Phone
There's a reason Facebook just paid $19 billion for this best messaging app of the moment. It gives you cross-platform mobile messaging without having to pay for SMS. Chat with up to 50 friends in a group to organise meet-ups and much more.

CAMSCANNER
PRICE: Free/ $US49.99 yr/ $US4.99 month
PLATFORMS: Android, iOS, Windows Phone 8
Phone PDF creator CamScanner lets users import various office docs into Android by converting photos into PDF format. A really useful feature is its batch mode for paging through endless docs and taking photos of each page, which then get auto-cropped and saved in one exciting file.

SONGZA
PRICE: Free
PLATFORMS: iOS, Android, BlackBerry, Windows 8, web
Google recently paid $39 million for this free music streaming service offering playlists curated by a team of music critics, DJs and musicians. Set day, time and what you are doing to get playlists suiting the moment, then delete and customise according to preference.

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT...
THE DRONE AGE

UNMANNED aircraft or 'drones' have attracted controversy for their military use, but the mass adoption of this new technology is gathering pace. This increasingly raises questions around their use, possible misuse, privacy, and the safety of Australian skies and streets.

OKAY, BUT DEFINE DRONE...
The word "drone" describes aircraft capable of autonomous flight, a marriage of robotics and aviation. That can be anything from a $US100 million-plus Global Hawk used by the US Air Force to fly over Afghanistan relaying video to US-based intelligence analysts, down to sub-$500 craft flown by Go-Pro kids chasing an awesome overhead shot. At the smaller scale, drone 'quadrocopters' are ultra-capable and nimble, and allow their operators to put a camera in the sky anywhere, at any time, to transmit images back to a base station.

SO WHAT ARE DRONES BEING USED FOR?
Anywhere it's hard to get eyes to the right places is a good job for drones. Swarms of industrial drones can be organised algorithmically to identify, fly and work together to perform even tasks as complex as constructing a building, and to learn from each other as they do it. Online retailer Amazon's recent demonstration of a drone delivering a parcel may have been a stunt, but a switch to unmanned operation could transform our entire concept of air cargo, eliminating the need to design pressurised craft with bodies shaped to accommodate people.

WHAT'S IN A DRONE?
A new generation of cheap, small drones is now more like flying a fleet of smartphones because of their shared technologies, which are advancing in lock-step, performance consistently doubling while size and price continue to fall. The GPS performance bought for tens of thousands of dollars in the 1990s can be found just $10 in a thumbnail-sized device. If you want to understand why the personal-drone revolution is happening now, look no further than the phone in your pocket.

CAN ANYONE FLY ONE OF THESE THINGS?
Drones raise headaches for the regulator, as it's impossible for the Civil Aviation Authority (CASA) to control the safety of individual craft.

The ethical question is whether certain institutions will be allowed to fly drones in the air over neighbourhoods to survey their populations, and who will have that power.

WHAT'S THE FUTURE FOR DRONES?
Just as back in 1977 when the Apple II came out, it was people who limited uses for personal computers. We're at the Wild West pioneering age in the story of drones.

Chris Anderson, former editor of technology magazine *Wired*, kick-started the personal-drone movement when he registered diydrones.com and established a social network for those who were experimenting with autonomous aircraft. The site now has 55,000 members tinkering with the airborne future. Just as the military created the internet, but civilians created and moulded the web to their own purposes, we can only assume we have a similar, unpredictable path to follow with drones.

There's no doubt that the skies will soon be full of these machines, and an army of well-equipped hobbyist-tinkerers may also make drones the first technology in history in which a "toy" industry and amateur creators start beating the military-industrial complex at its own game. See, previously only the US military had the money and the technologies to use drones to kill alleged terrorists. Now terrorists can deploy drones for information gathering, or for deploying potentually deadly attackes of their own.

While we may be excited about the changes unmanned aerial craft will bring to our world, we also have every reason to be fearful.

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MARIO KART 8

Wii U NINTENDO

Mario Kart has always been one of those golden Nintendo franchises that has been able almost singlehandedly to sell a system. It's no secret that this is something the Wii U has desperately needed. And so far, it looks like *Mario Kart 8* is on track to keep the ailing console afloat. While *Kart 8* doesn't make any great strides in gameplay, it does throw anti-gravity capabilities into the mix while simply doing everything better. This is no small feat when you're working with the eighth iteration of a 22-year-old series.

With players no longer bound to the asphalt, 'kart' racing has never been so intense. So, whether you're a long-time fan of the series or looking for a new racing challenge, *Mario Kart 8* offers crazy vehicular combat combined with top-notch racing all wrapped up in one highly polished game that's destined to find a loyal following. – **NL**

PLANTS VS ZOMBIES: GARDEN WARFARE

PC ELECTRONIC ARTS

If you're a little tired of the typical, run-of-the-mill first-person shooter, this may be just what you're looking for. In this quirky game, you'll find all of the basic mechanics of a highly-polished first-person shooter blended flawlessly with the crazy plants and zombies that we've all come to love.

There are four choices on each side, which may seem slim, but the multitude of variations that can be earned more than make up for it. With multiple game modes ranging from classic PvZ action in FPS form to standard deathmatches, there's never a dull moment. Maps are interactive, too, with obstacles, options to spawn NPC plants and zombies and movable objects. All great fun. – **NL**

DESTINY

XBOX ONE/ PS4/ XBOX 360/ PS3/ PC BUNGIE

THREE years ago when developer Bungie announced that it was no longer going to develop *Halo* titles, fans around the world mourned. So when the studio announced that it was working on a new title and it was bigger than anything they've ever developed before, people listened.

It left us begging for more at last year's Electronics Entertainment Expo (E3), but with the game launching in September, the company gave it up at this year's expo. Bungie describes the game as an action roleplaying first-person shooter set in a mythic science-fiction open-world setting.

With a description like that, and a half-billion-dollar budget making it the most expensive game ever produced, it goes without saying that *Destiny*'s scope is colossal.

Set 700 years in the future after a galaxy-wide collapse of human civilisation, the world of *Destiny* is a hostile place. Players take on the role of a guardian of the last safe city on Earth. With hostile alien races and countless other dangers threatening this last sanctuary, players must band together to protect the future of the humankind.

First-person shooter lovers will feel right at home in *Destiny*, but MMO gamers and even RPG players will find familiar elements as well. Combat feels, and to an extent even looks, like *Halo*, which is definitely a good thing. Although you can't interact with all players at all times, the game focuses on both competitive and cooperative gameplay, so you're definitely not alone in the world.

Players also have plenty of choices when it comes to developing their character. There are three visually distinctive races and three gameplay classes to choose from. Players have a host of customisation options to explore as they level-up, ranging from weapon and armour modifications to RPG-style skill trees.

From what we've seen so far, *Destiny* really is poised to be the next big triple-A title. We'll find out for sure when it drops in early September. – **Nathan Jacobs**

ULTRA STREET FIGHTER IV

XBOX 360/ PS3/ PC CAPCOM

The king of fighting games returns with new stages, new modes and new characters. Aiming to be the perfect edition, Capcom has not only packed *Ultra Street Fighter IV* with new content, but also made numerous tweaks based directly on community feedback.

Six additional stages from *Street Fighter X Tekken* have been added. New game modes include Elimination, an improved online team battle, and Online Training, which lets you train together online. Five new fighters join the already impressive roster, bringing the grand total to 44, with Decapre, Elena, Hugo, Poison and Rolento joining the tournament.

Several new game mechanics have been added as well. Players now have the option to select double ultra combos, perform red focus attacks which can absorb multiple attacks and delay rising from a knockdown. And, if all that wasn't enough, players can now choose which edition of their favourite fighter they wish to use.

If you already have the original game, make sure you upgrade. If you're not an owner, there's never been a more perfect time to get in on the action. – **NL**

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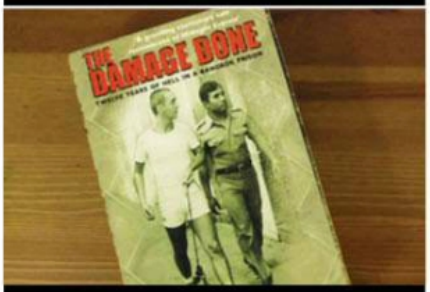


THE DAMAGE DONE

BY WARREN FELLOWS
PUBLISHED BY PAN MACMILLIAN (1997)

THIS, folks, is surely the most harrowing prison memoir you'll ever read. Ghost-written by Walkey-award winner Jack Marx, it charts the awful downfall of Warren Fellows, a naive young Australian who got involved with a band of drug traffickers, and who, in 1978, would be caught trying to smuggle 8.5 kilos of heroin out of Thailand. He was sentenced to life imprisonment in "a cesspit of blood and excrement and death and cruelty."

Brace yourself for the the horrors Fellows endures inside Bangkok's Maha Chai and Bang Kwang prisons. He vividly describes the daily suffering and depravity in this fast-moving, squalid and hard-hitting evocation of inhuman brutality. Fellows is upfront about the wrongs he committed, but also makes a convincing case that the suffering he endured did not match the crime. If nothing else, Fellows' account will make you realise just how petty your first-world problems truly are. – AW

THE EVERYTHING STORE: JEFF BEZOS AND THE AGE OF AMAZON

BY BRAD STONE LITTLE, BROWN

BRAD STONE'S absorbing book about online retailer Amazon uses "relentless" as the adjective that best describes its growth, and the persistence with which founder Jeff Bezos has brought to life his vision of using the web's infinite shelf space to create what Stone calls "the merchandiser's dream of the everything store – a store with infinite selection."

Amazon began modestly as a Seattle online bookseller in 1995. Surviving the dotcom bust of 2000 and 2001, it began selling just about everything else, going on to transform reading and bookselling with its Kindle e-reader.

Bezos, a computer scientist and Wall Street hedge fund strategist, married a novelist, expressed a devotion to books, and early on, Amazon seemed to want to use the net to expand possibilities for readers and publishers alike. But Bezos then used its dominance to pick the industry apart, using its control to punish uncooperative publishers.

Last year, Bezos further extended his power by paying $250 million in cash to purchase *The Washington Post* newspaper.

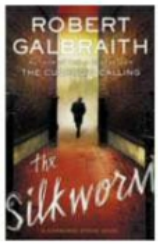
But Amazon is now also a cutting-edge technology business, selling services to start-ups such as Pinterest and Instagram, and even the US government, NASA and the CIA.

In 2012, Stone says Amazon "cleared $US61 billion ($65 billion) in sales," and will probably become "the fastest retailer in history to surpass $US100 billion."

Stone, a *Bloomberg Businessweek* writer, conducted more than 300 interviews with current and former Amazon employees to deliver a deft and well-informed report detailing Amazon's story of disruptive innovation. – **GL**

THE SILKWORM

BY JK ROWLING, AS ROBERT GALBRAITH
HACHETTE



JK Rowling's first book, for children, *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone*, was first rejected by more than a dozen publishers, then purchased for £2500 and published, in 1997, in an edition of 1000 copies.

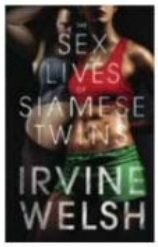
Subsequent Harry Potter adventures smashed all known sales records, and in 2004, *Forbes* magazine named Rowling the first person to become a billion-dollar author.

Upon writing her first novel for adults, under her own name, she sold more than a million copies worldwide, and when she then became "Robert Galbraith", her *The Cuckoo's Calling* became a No 1 bestseller.

In this second Robert Galbraith novel, Rowling plays to form and this suspenseful British detective tale once again reminds us that she truly is a master storyteller. – **GL**

THE SEX LIVES OF SIAMESE TWINS

BY IRVINE WELSH
JONATHAN CAPE



From its title onwards, this romp of a novel sneaks in some serious commentary on the state of American society.

Fitness trainer Lucy Brennan uses her kickboxing training to disarm a gunman attempting to shoot two fleeing victims on a near-deserted highway.

Another woman, Lena Sorenson, films her and the footage turns Lucy into a celebrity.

Lucy is an extreme fitness freak, while Lena, an artist and compulsive eater at 200lbs seeks her help to get into shape. As the narrator, Lucy is an unrepentant sadist and narcissist, initially reluctant, but takes to the task with glee, drugging, imprisoning and subjecting Lena to an exacting regime of diet and exercise.

This novel's concept is brilliant, a clever focus on body obsession, and Welsh once again proves himself a novelist of great class. – **GL**

YOURS FOR ETERNITY

BY DAMIEN ECHOLS AND LORRI DAVIS
TEXT PUBLISHING

A 'love story on death row' is how this book is touted, but it's the publishers of this collection of letters who deserve a life sentence.

This should be an intriguing read, about an innocent man on death row battling a screwed-up judicial system. Instead, we get the infantile and repetitive ramblings of two insecure rednecks who don't discuss the case, his sentence, conditions on death row or his release. Instead, it is filled with the obsessive mantras of love and phone bill diatribes.

When you ask yourself what type of woman marries a man she has never met and spends her life writing letters and visiting him in jail, Lorri is the exact nut job who comes to mind. We're pretty sure a 13-year-old's diary would have more depth and action. – **AD**

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ANATOMY STUDIES

WITHIN a few days of beginning university at the age of 20, my room-mate Brenda had informed me about which on- and off-campus dormitories were the party houses where a girl was most likely to get laid.

Brenda knew all about them, since she had begun by dating one guy, but one night got drunk and had sex with one of his dormitory mates, as well as with him.

It got to the point where she'd hook up with them and they'd take turns, and she told me how one time they even did it in a park while some local pervs watched, jerking off.

One night, after we'd had a couple of drinks Brenda took me to a dorm party where she ran into a guy she knew, and they disappeared upstairs.

Another guy, Jim, began talking to me.

As we were talking, I noticed people going in and out of the basement and asked him what was down there, and he shrugged.

"It's party central down there," he answered, "but I really wouldn't suggest you go down, as it gets pretty wild."

"Why don't we take a look?" I said boldly, and a minute later we were downstairs, where the first thing I saw was a girl giving a guy a blowjob on a sofa. Others were dancing and playing pool, pretty much ignoring what she was doing.

"I FOUND MYSELF NOT CARING ABOUT THE PEOPLE WATCHING. IN FACT, IT JUST ADDED TO MY GROWING EXCITEMENT"

I began dancing with Jim, we started making out and almost before I knew it, another guy was dancing behind me, rubbing against my backside, first with his hands, then his crotch. As we grooved to the music, the guys began to work me over to the pool table.

Jim and I were kissing, he got my skirt up and began rubbing my pussy. Then he pulled my panties to one side and slid a finger into me. By now, people were beginning to watch what I was allowing to happen. When Jim began trying to get my clothes off, I made a move to stop him, but he said, "Oh come on, you wanted to come down here, didn't you?" I guess I did, so I gave in.

My skirt now around my waist, he hoisted me up onto the pool table and pulled my panties down, then removed my top and bra and pushed my legs apart as he stood between them.

At first, having a guy put his cock in me in front of all those people I didn't know was strange, but then I started getting into it, and lay on my back as he pumped in and out and mauled my small breasts.

I began moaning, which drew a few more people's attention, then Jim turned me over on my belly and entered me from behind, fucking me really hard until he groaned and came inside me.

After he pulled out, another guy got behind me and put his cock inside me. Now, I found myself not caring about the people watching. In fact, it just added to my growing excitement, and soon I was coming hard, as the watchers cheered me on.

I got so caught up in what was happening that I lost track of how many other guys took a turn, but after they were done I could feel so much come running down the insides of my thighs that I thought it would never end.

I had another drink or two before I either fell asleep or passed out, then awoke the next morning, totally naked, in bed with Jim and some other guy, and I felt as if I'd been hit by a bus. It didn't stop them from fucking me though, and it didn't stop me from enjoying it.

Before I left I was told that I had standing invitation to come back there anytime, but I think I may explore some of the other dorms Brenda told me about first.

– D.N, Bathurst, NSW

STOCKS ARE UP

MY HUSBAND Victor had to work late every night on a special project and by Friday I was so horny, I called him at work and asked if he'd like to go out later.

I suggested a new bar in the city I'd heard about, dressed to thrill (I hoped!), and figured I'd head into town early to have a drink or two before he arrived.

I sat at the end of the bar, and while there weren't many customers, I noticed a well-dressed young stockbroker type at the other end of the bar, mid-20s, I'd say, handsome and well-built.

When the barman gave me a refill, he said it was "compliments of the gentleman," pointing at him at the end of the bar.

I looked his way, smiled and he came to me and asked in a deep, sexy voice if he could join me, introducing himself as Paul. He said he was attending a conference and was leaving the following afternoon. He was charming, made me laugh and after buying refills, asked if I'd like to play pool.

I warned that I'm not very good, and did he ever take advantage! He kept 'helping' me in ways that involved full-body contact a woman shouldn't have with any man but her husband.

By the time I spotted Vic at the bar, I'd gotten intimate with Paul's hard-on rubbing up against me through his pants. It felt big, really big.

As he power-groped me, many of the yuppies there stared at us, including my husband! What surprised me was that he seemed to be grinning.

Paul was now running his hand up my thigh, rubbing gently and slowly, and he leaned over and tried to kissed me on my mouth. I said, "That's my husband sitting at the other end of the bar."

Paul looked Victor's way, then said, "It's okay. I bet he wants to watch you fuck me."

Sure enough Victor, still smiling, was motioning thumbs-up! I gestured for him to follow us to the elevator, where I introduced him to Paul.

When the elevator came, I made out with both guys until it opened at Paul's floor, where he led us to his room. Once we were inside, Victor unzipped my dress, and I let it fall to the floor.

"Damn, you're beautiful," Paul said when he saw my generous tits supported by my black shelf bra.

While I undid his belt and zipper, Victor slipped up behind me and tugged my wet panties down.

I knelt in front of Paul and as his cock popped out, almost eight inches long and freakishly thick I wrapped my hand around it and stroked it as I cupped and squeezed his weighty balls. As I took its head in my mouth and ran my tongue across its crown, he emitted a deep groan.

Victor told Paul to sit on the edge of the bed so he could fuck me from behind, and he moved behind me to sink in his thick seven-inch cock.

I groaned as he started to thrust in and out, and Paul reached down to caressed my breasts and pinch my hard nipples.

Victor pulled his cock out of my throbbing pussy and repositioned the head at my little brown hole, and I braced as he eased it in to fuck my arse.

I took Paul's cock back in my mouth and clenched my muscles around my husband's cock in my arse. He gave a loud cry as he flooded my rectum, then pulled his wilting cock out.

I looked up at Paul's eyes and said, "Fuck me! I want your big cock in me," moving to the middle of the bed on my back with my knees up and my legs spread, begging for that big cock. He gripped his cock and guided it to my juicy fuckhole, stretching me to breaking point.

He pushed his cock in deeper and deeper.

"Oh, fuck, give me every inch," I moaned as he started to move in and out. I cooed, "You

like my tight cunt, baby?"

"Fuck, yes, I'm loving stretching your hole," he exclaimed as he pounded into me.

His cock was so thick that my clit was pulled down and rubbed against it, as his big cockhead rubbed my G-spot, driving me wild.

As he gripped my ass and lifted me, I cried obscenities non-stop as I started to come, and once I started, I couldn't stop.

Paul finally Paul flooded me with a huge load, and to keep him inside me I started bucking into him.

Lying there, still throbbing with my pussy pulsing and juice trickling out of me, I told Paul I wanted to ride him and Victor that I wanted him to fuck me deep in the arse.

Although Paul's cock wasn't fully hard again, when I mounted it, it took only a moment for me to take it all the way in, but then my husband mounted me from behind and, drove his cock all the way into my arse.

"Oh fuck, that feels fucking good," I moaned as they moved in and out of me, with Paul's cock growing to full size inside me.

I rocked back and forth on it, and once again it rubbed against my clit and G-spot.

"Uh, fuck my pussy!" I cried out to Paul, and to Victor, "Drive your cock in my arse, baby!" I felt another orgasm building in me, and started to buck into the two cocks fucking me.

"You like being double-fucked, baby?" my husband groaned. "Oh, fuck yes, I love it," I shouted.

I started coming, taking in every inch of cock I could, shouting wildly as both men drained their balls in my holes, driving me over the edge.

When I finally started to regain control, I let my hand drift down to my throbbing cunt and ran a finger gently up and down my swollen lips.

My husband leaned over me and gave me a sensual kiss as I continued to stroke my pussy gently.

When at last I regained some semblance of control, we both thanked Paul, gave him our phone number and said we would love to get together if he was ever in town again.

I'm now looking forward to one great fuck when Victor reads this letter out to me.

— F.T, Brisbane, Queensland

"HE KEPT 'HELPING' ME IN WAYS THAT INVOLVED FULL-BODY CONTACT A WOMAN SHOULDN'T HAVE WITH ANY MAN BUT HER HUSBAND"

POPPING THE CHERRY

I MARRIED my high school sweetheart just weeks after we graduated, and could have searched all my life, yet never have found a man more loving and understanding than Les.

I turned 18 eight months before we were married, and I gave up my virginity on the night of my birthday, but not to Les.

It was an older married man who popped my cherry, even though I'd been dating Les for almost two years before that.

Kit and his wife were close friends of my parents, and Kit had just happened to stop by to see my dad, who wasn't home.

My boyfriend's job had taken him out of town on my birthday, and I was feeling sorry for myself, being left all alone on such an important day.

Kit sat down on the sofa with me and put his arms around me for comfort, assuring me things weren't as bad as they looked.

I had a sense of security and love in his arms, and he rubbed my back soothingly until my sobbing stopped, then tipped my head up to kiss me in such a tender, loving way that I felt tremors throughout my body.

When the kiss ended, I instinctively wrapped my arms around him and kissed him much more passionately, while pressing my firm young breasts against his chest.

He seemed surprised at first, but he didn't pull away. And then I felt his hand going up under my sweater to cup my bra-covered breast, just as every guy had done in the past had done. My breasts have always been sensitive, and I loved having guys fondle them.

I'd truly wanted to walk down the aisle a virgin, but I trusted Kit, and knew he would stop if I asked him to, so I didn't protest when he removed my sweater, followed quickly by my bra.

Doing this with a mature man like Kit was much different from doing it with an over-anxious teenager just trying to get his rocks off. I was so relaxed with Kit that I didn't even realise he had managed to undo my shorts until I felt his fingers in my pubic hair a moment before they encountered the slippery lips of my pussy.

A white-hot sensation I'd never felt before shot through my loins as he lightly and expertly played with my pussy and clit, and he was making me feel better than anyone ever had, so I didn't protest when he began working my shorts and panties down and off. He continued to stroke and fondle me until I was moaning and squirming under his fingers, while he kissed me as I'd never been kissed before.

Then, to my astonishment, he slipped to the floor and knelt between my legs, spreading them and pushing them up so that my sex was totally exposed.

No man had ever even seen my naked vagina, and I was shocked seconds later

POPPING THE CHERRY (CONT...)

as he leaned forward and began licking my wet gash.

But Kit wasn't just licking now. He had his face buried in my snatch and was thrusting his hot tongue in and out of my virgin cunt like a tiny jackhammer.

This drove me to a gut-wrenching climax that left me trembling and gasping for breath as I floated back to earth.

I was so consumed with lust that I wasn't aware that Kit had dropped his trousers and poised the head of his cock at the mouth of my pussy, until I felt him start to penetrate me.

Suddenly he was all the way into me, filling my pussy with something much larger than I'd ever thought a man's cock could be.

His hands clutched my arse, pulling me toward him as his hips began to thrust rapidly back and forth, his fat cock slamming in and out of my juicy young snatch.

Tiny fingers of pure pleasure rippled through my loins, like those I had often experienced when I played with myself, and I began to enjoy what he was doing to me very much.

I heard Kit moaning as he began to thrust even harder, and after five or six more strokes he kind of froze, thrusting himself as deep as he could into my pussy while holding me tightly against his body.

I felt him pulsing inside me, eventually slipping out and leaving me with the unfamiliar sensation of his come trickling down the crack of my bum. It was an amazing sensation; I loved it.

His eyes nearly popped out of his head when I told him that my boyfriend's hadn't used me at all, and that I'd been a virgin until about five minutes ago.

Kit said he'd had no idea, and that he wouldn't have done it if he'd known I'd never had sex.

When I look back now, I know that I was lucky to have an older man to make a woman out of me and teach me how to give and receive nature's greatest pleasure.

R.W, Launceston, Tasmania

THREE-WAY ENCOUNTER

WITH Greta celebrating turning 30 (extraordinary, given that she has the same bombshell body she had when we married 10 years ago), we were going to dinner with a couple, Ryan and Marie, we'd been hooking up with and known for eight or nine years, and Greta decided that night that she wanted to be frisky. She wore a dress with a scooped front that showed a lot of cleavage. Coming up to within three inches of her pussy when she stood, it also allowed for a good view of her long, shapely legs. Because the dress was made of a thin stretch-type material, she decided to go braless so there wouldn't be any lines showing from her undergarments.She also wore black crotchless pantyhose without panties.

When she came out of the bedroom, with her nipples poking out of the dress material, I told her she looked fabulous and got an instantaneous hard-on.

She smiled and said that she hoped Ryan thought so too. She gave me a sexy kiss, reaching down and squeezing my erection.

At seven that evening, we arrived at Ryan and Marie's hotel in the city to pick them up, and as Ryan opened the door of their room, he said to Greta, "God, you look terrific."

At just that moment Marie came out of the bathroom wearing a very short black skirt and a sheer, low-cut red top that showcased her boobs, encased in a red push-up bra, with tons of cleavage showing. She had on black pantyhose and nice heels and she gave me a lingering kiss.

After dinner, Marie suggested we go dancing at a club nearby, and we managed

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"I LOVED WHAT SHE WAS WEARING. I TOLD HER SHE LOOKED FABULOUS, AND GOT AN INSTANTANEOUS HARD-ON"

to get a booth not far from the dance floor. The girls immediately went to dance, and both looked very hot on the dance floor dancing to a fast song, with several guys eyeing them frequently.

Back in the booth, Greta sat close enough to Ryan to give him a good look at her legs. Her dress was so short that when she was sitting, it was almost up to her pussy.

Marie's skirt had ridden up to the point where I could see that she wasn't wearing panties and her neatly trimmed pussy was on display through her sheer pantyhose. She caught me looking and gave me a knowing smile, then parted her legs a little more to give me a better view!

A moment later I felt her hand giving my stiff dick a long, firm squeeze, while allowing me to slip my hand between her spread legs to feel her pussy.

One time Ryan brought his hand up to his mouth and put two fingers in his mouth, and Greta smiled slyly at me, as they had been inside her pussy and he was enjoying the taste of her juices.

At 11 we decided to go back to Ryan and Marie's hotel room to continue our party. We were all sitting on the room's two beds when Marie turned down the lights, sat down next to me and put her hand on my thigh and smiled as I moved my lips toward her mouth.

She's an extremely good kisser, and tonight she was really showing off her stuff, and I ran a hand up and down her thigh, encouraged by the parting of her legs for easier pussy access.

Greta and Ryan lay on their sides kissing and fondling, with her dress well above her hips, and with her pussy in plain view he moved his hand to it and inserted two fingers.

I caressed Marie's bountiful boobs and she told me to take her top off her so I could have better access to her breasts. As I serviced her tits, she moaned, talked dirty and pushed my head down toward her snatch, revealing a small patch of pussy hair above her clit. I ran my tongue over her slit several times, lapping up her juices soaking through the pantyhose which I slowly pulled down. I glanced over at Greta and saw that she was now clad in only her crotchless pantyhose and had Ryan's big dick in her mouth. When she saw me looking at her, she smiled, turned around and pulled Ryan on top of her while she spread legs. He began pushing into her slowly, and she let out a loud moan.

Marie drew my attention back to her, spreading her legs wider and I licked her slit from her asshole to her clit and back, saying things like: "Eat me, baby. Make me come on your face," while Greta was telling Ryan, "Fuck me deep, make me come."

Suddenly Greta screamed as she came, and no sooner had she come than Marie exploded loudly, dribbling juices on my face, which once her body had relaxed, she licked off. Marie said it was her turn, slid down me, and lowered her mouth slowly to the head of my dick.

She wiggled the tip of her tongue around my opening as if trying to fit her tongue into the slit of my cock. In no time she had me groaning, then opened her mouth wide and slid down on my dick.

Ryan and Greta had switched into 69 position, with her lying on top of him trying to swallow his whole dick but only able to get about two-thirds of it down and his head buried between her legs, slurping sounds coming from both of them.

Marie's mouth was open as wide as possible to accommodate as much of my dick as she could and her sucking sensations had me building to a rapid release until I passed the point of no return and started blasting in her mouth.

Ryan and Greta's moans were getting louder and louder and her body stiffened just as Ryan's body tensed and he pushed his pelvis up to her face.

Greta then laid on her back and said, "Fuck me with that long dick," and he got between her legs, putting them over his shoulders for deeper penetration.

Marie then said, "I want your thick dick in me now." She wrapped her legs around my waist to increase my depth of penetration and I pumped in deep strokes, with her moaning and talking dirty. I knew I was going to fill Marie with my load, and she said, "Fill me with your come!" While I shot my cream in her pussy, I felt her explode.

After about ten minutes, I got up and poured some wine, and then the surprise of the night happened when Marie laid down next to Greta and gave her an open-mouth kiss and then down her until she was able to slide her tongue onto Greta's clit. Greta then returned the favour with enthusiasm and started licking Marie's come-filled pussy.

From there on, we didn't get much sleep that night, because there was always one couple making love in the dark, which sparked the other couple to do the same.

— W.S, Bruce, ACT

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BLACK LABEL CLUB

YOUR GUIDE TO THE BEST IN ADULT ENTERTAINMENT, SEX ADVICE, AUSTRALIA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL COMPANIONS AND MORE...

ADVICE BY AMIE BARBELER

THE ART OF ORAL

A TRULY FINE FIX OF FELLATIO STARTS BETWEEN THE EARS. WITH GOOD COMMUNICATION AND GUIDANCE, THAT IS. HERE'S HOW TO PUT HER ON A PATH TO ORAL ENLIGHTENMENT

WITH double anal and clown porn on the rise, good old-fashioned blowjobs tend to get cast aside and treated as a boring, quick prelude to sex. This is crazy, because I know loads of men who'd fight off a grizzly bear with a plastic spoon for a great blowjob. And while there is definitely an art to giving and receiving mind blowing oral, sometimes what stops a mediocre blowjob from being an amazing one is as simple as a little communication. Here's how to inspire your partner to blow like a pro.

GIVE HER A REASON

Give her the motivation to want to put her mouth on you. Be enthusiastic and don't rush when you give her pleasure and you'll soon find that she'll be begging to return the favour. Don't treat her face like a Fleshlight and don't act like a blowjob is your right because you slobbered on her for a few minutes. There is nothing unsexier than a woman bobbing up and down on your penis when she's bored and going through the motions. Make your partner feel empowered and excited by the idea of being in control of your pleasure and you'll be on the way to receiving epic blowjobs in no time.

GIVE GOOD AURAL

It's not hard to receive an amazing blowjob if you're able to communicate with your partner on what it is you actually want. Start building up your partner's confidence by telling her how hot her mouth feels and how hard she's making you. Then tell her what you'd love for her to do to push you over the edge. Encourage her to not just use her mouth while she's giving you a blowjob, but to use her hands and breasts as well. Tell her you love it when she changes up the pressure, speed and stroke and how damn sexy she is when she looks up at you. Be patient and don't be afraid to give feedback. Trust me, she'll appreciate you telling her what turns you on much more than her having to try and guess.

WETTER IS BETTER

The number-one secret to a great blowjob is spit, spit and more spit because let's face it, dry lips on dry skin is not only a turn-off; it hurts. Challenge your partner to try and get every inch of your penis wet. Plus, this also means that she's abandoning the tip for the while to give attention to the rest of you. If you're still having issues with friction, there are a bunch of tasty flavoured lubricants on the market you can buy to help her out.

BRING IN THE BOYS

One of the most important factors and one that can divide amateurs from oral champions is the inclusion of the balls in a blowjob. If you want to encourage your partner to work the boys, you can help her out by making sure they're clean and manscaped. If you've got a forest going on down there, she's hardly going to want to shove a Sasquatch's sack in her mouth. A lot of the time though, women neglect the balls because we just don't know what to do with them. Physically guide her hand and show her how you like having your balls handled.

THE GRAND FINALE

Porn deceives us into thinking that blowjobs always end with women looking like glazed donuts but in reality, that's just not how it always plays out. Have a conversation with her beforehand and ask where/if you're allowed to ejaculate on her. If she's up for it, ask her if you can finish in her mouth and have her continue to massage you with her mouth for a minute after you've finished. It'll feel so good you'll be talking in tongues.

TWO-WAY STREET

If you're going to expect your girl to let you ride her face like Seabiscuit, then you're going to have to return the favour. The trick with giving great oral to a woman is to tease her with your mouth and hands until she feels like she's going to pass out… and then give her an orgasm. Like an oven, you've got to preheat it before you put the pizza in. Don't be afraid to get your face really wet. Your tongue should be marinating in her. Use your hands – slide two fingers into her and curl them towards you in a 'come hither'motion on her G-spot. Use your mouth on her while you keep working her G-spot and once her thighs start to quiver and she tells you not to stop, keep that rhythm and speed until she orgasms – even if you have to breathe through your ears…

> "SHE'LL APPRECIATE YOU TELLING HER WHAT TURNS YOU ON MORE THAN HER HAVING TO TRY AND GUESS"

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LILLIANA SPARK

I'M A sun-kissed, young, exotic beauty. My body is toned yet womanly, with curves in all the right places. I have long luscious locks, soft and full DD breasts and an amazing ass! My skin is supple and soft. With brains to match my beauty, I make the perfect social companion.

I'm a fun-loving lady and I love to party! I truly believe a woman should be "a lady in the street and a freak in the bed".

You may choose to have me as your personal porn star, your gorgeous girlfriend for a night, your classy courtesan, your perfect playmate or your very own dirty dancer... I am a woman who possesses many talents and I can't wait to share them with you. I guarantee an amazing connection that will keep you coming back for more.

AGE: 23
HEIGHT: 5'5
BODY SIZE: 8
BUST: 10DD
EYES: Brown
CITY: Sydney
TOURS: Yes
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ESCORTS

ALISSA MOORE

YOUR eyes will quickly glide from my deliciously large, full breasts to my tiny toned waist and beyond with excitement! My stunning hour-glass shape is fitted to a petite, toned and slender frame. You will love the way I move and I'm as energetic as my super-fit body tells you I will be. My silky soft skin is very responsive and I will arch, sigh and moan for you with almost every touch. I am fully shaved so you can enjoy every inch of my body. I will lure you in with my sweet smile, but will soon shock you with how wonderfully wicked I am! I love sex and am yearning to be caressed, massaged, licked, squeezed and played with. I am tertiary educated, creative and very passionate.

AGE: 25
HEIGHT: 5'7"
BODY SIZE: 8
BUST: DD
EYES: Blue
CITY: Sydney CBD
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CHLOE SAKAI

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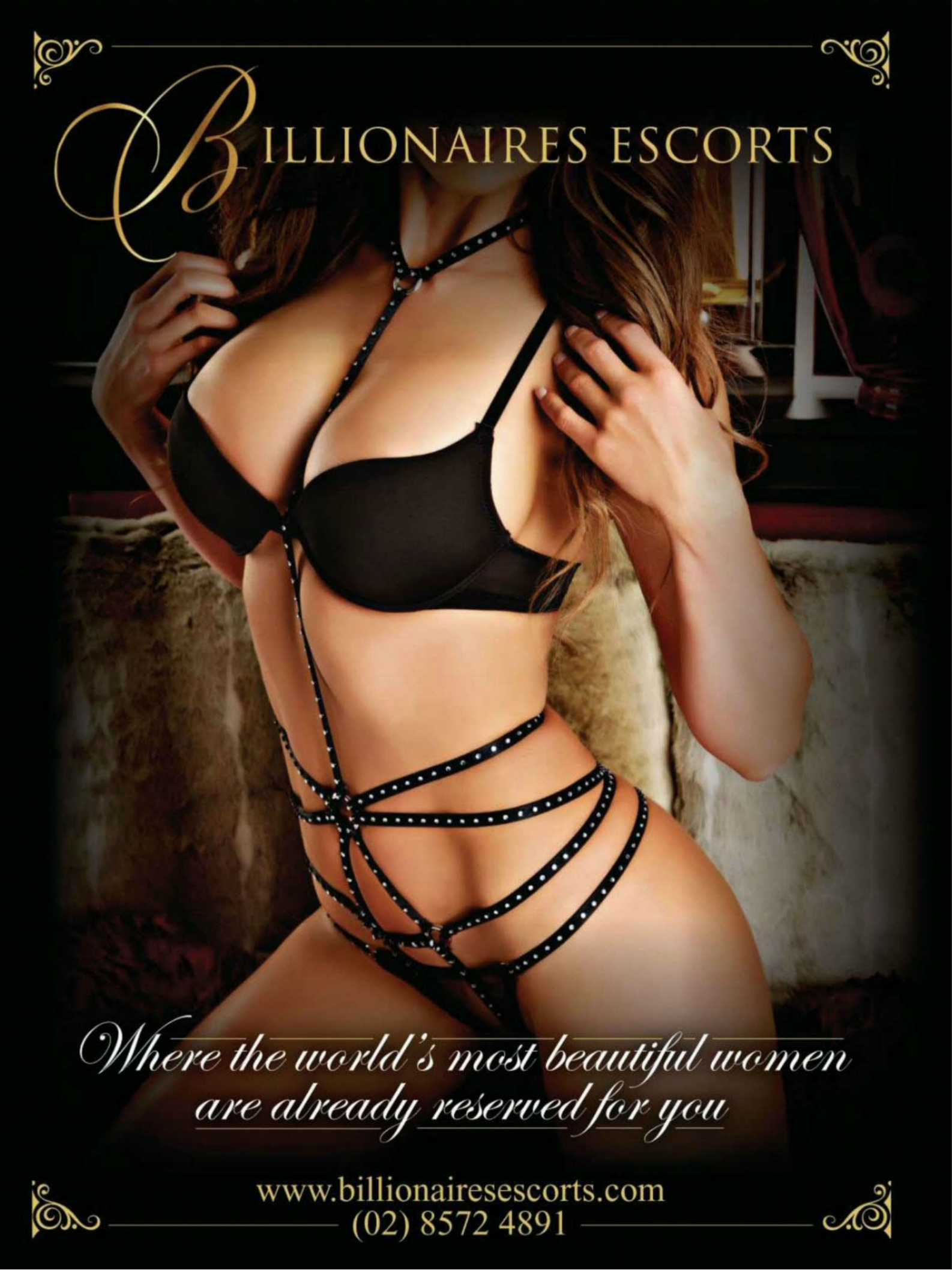
AGE: 23
HEIGHT: 5'6"
BODY SIZE: 6
BUST: C Cup
EYES: Brown
CITY: Vic
TOURS: Yes
CONTACT: SMS 0450281215
chloe.sakai@hotmail.com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CHRYSTAL ROSE

I WAS brought up in the New Zealand countryside. I'm sexy, slutty, classy, cultured and world-travelled. I'm bubbly, cool, naturally open-minded, naughty and kinky. My experienced PSE side will allow all your wildest wet dreams to come true; my passionate, caring and cuddly side will allow me to be your girlfriend. Previously a fashion designer, this socialite is always dressed to impress. Tall, dark haired, mysterious, tanned, taut and fabulous. I'm a sophisticated, sexy, glamorous babe who loves to fuck. Let's get naked! Love, Chrystal Rose xxx

AGE: 27
HEIGHT: 5'9"
BODY SIZE: 8
BUST: DD
EYES: Hazel
CITY: All
TOURS: Yes
CONTACT: SMS 0457 393 363
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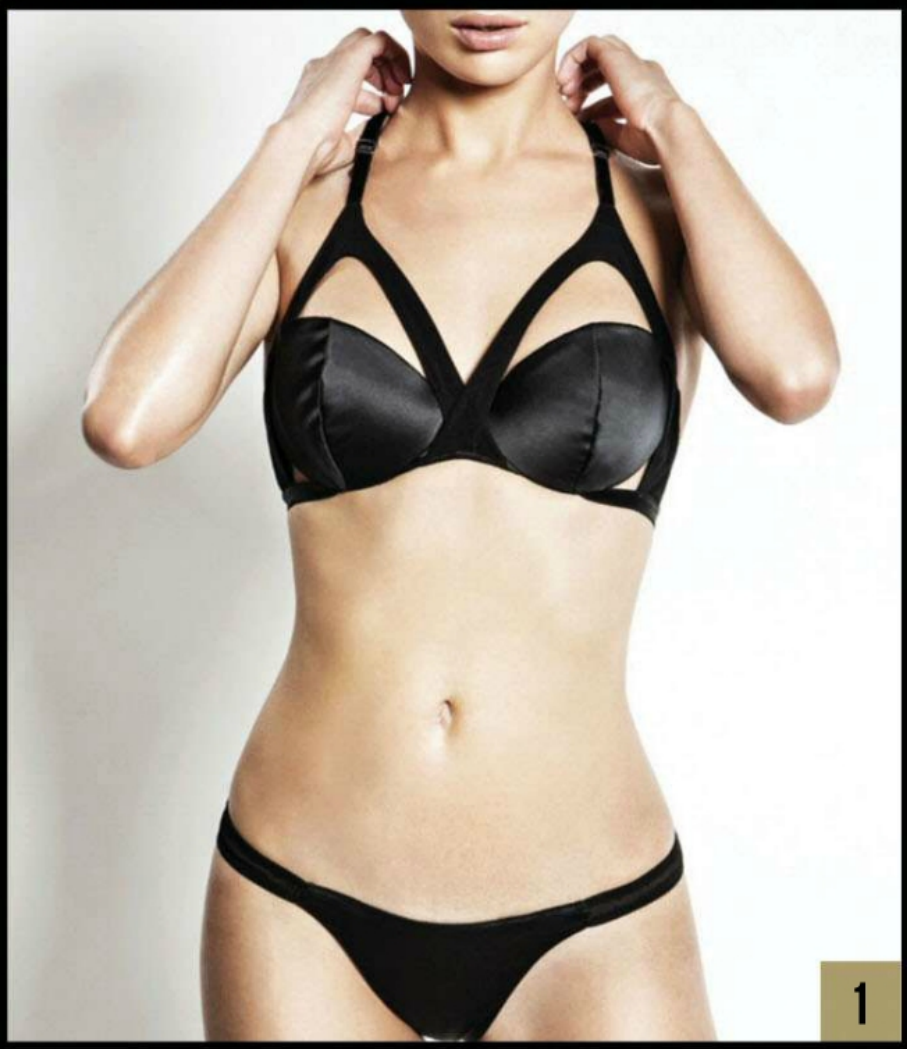
My talents have been validated all over Australia. When it comes to reputable, elite, and high-class escorts, I am always mentioned. I continue to travel around Australia and the world as a companion alongside powerful men.

AGE: 22
HEIGHT: 5'9"
BODY SIZE: 10
BUST: DD
EYES: Hazel
CITY: Vic
TOURS: Yes
CONTACT: SMS 0401 911 161
eliteariannykoda@hotmail.com



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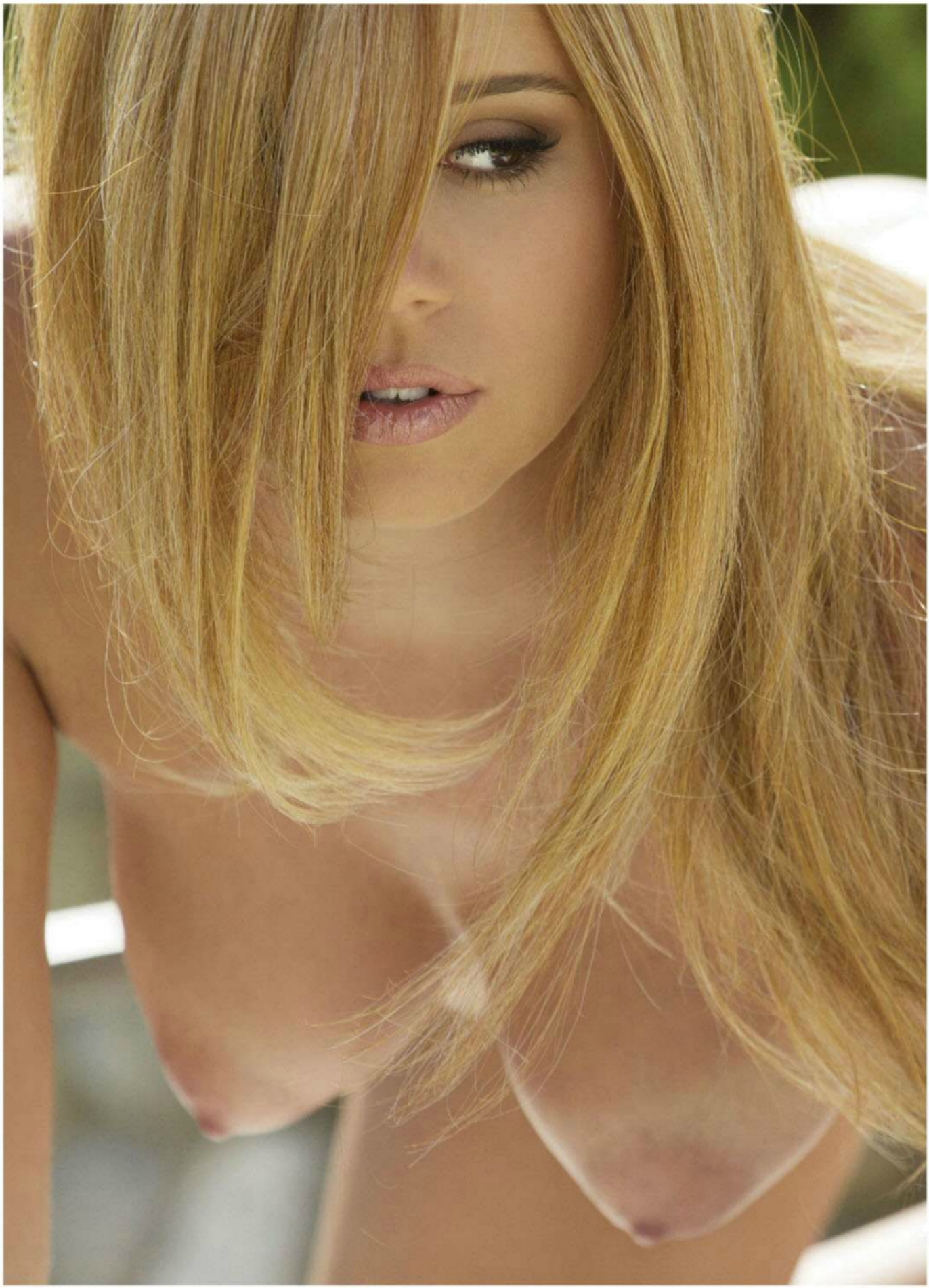

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